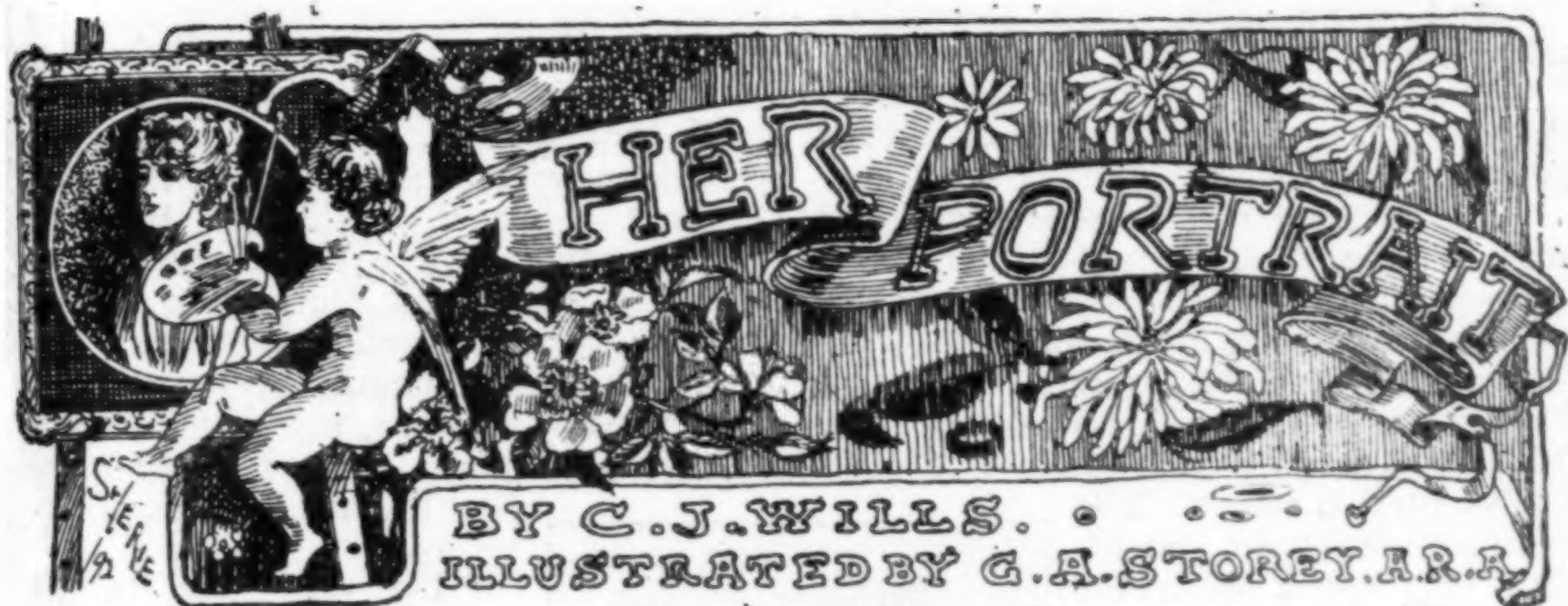






MISS SANDOWN AND PHILLIDA FANE.  
BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.



CHAPTER XIII. (Continued).

DISCIPLINE FOR WALTER.

**W**HEN John Milner turned to the great canvas, eleven by four, and gazed at it for some moments in silence. At length he said, after taking a long pull at his pipe, "I think if I were you, Walter, that I should stick to portraits; and I'll tell you why, my boy—simply because you've your living to earn. You've got a knack, you know, a happy knack of catching a likeness; it isn't everybody who can catch a likeness, and a man should make the most of God's gifts. There's always a market for portraits, and while human vanity exists there always will be. You're young and good-looking, and, as a portrait-painter, that will not stand in your way either."

"You look at things very prosaically, Boss," said Walter.

"When a young fellow's got to fight the world," replied the elder man, "he has to look at things prosaically, he has to do what he can do best; he has to put his pride in his pocket and stifle his whims and fancies; and if he does he may get on, Walter, and if he doesn't he won't. Some men never will put their pride in their pocket. Look at Haydon. Well, he was a great artist, he wouldn't put his pride in his pocket, he never did any good, and he died by his own hand."

"He was a great man though," said Walter.

"That didn't profit him much, or his poor wife and children either. Now look here, Walter," he went on, "you'll have to come back to the old shop, and I'll tell you why. If you come back to me you'll

be doing me a favour. I shall have somebody to chat with, and I had got used to chatting with you, Walter; and I miss you, boy, and that's the truth: and if you'll come to my place and work, you'll be doing me a turn; and what's more to the purpose, if you'll put your pride in your pocket, Walter, and come and work at my place, I can throw things in your way. And there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't come."

"I should lose my independence," replied Walter bitterly.

"Lose your fiddlestick, you young fool," cried the elder man impatiently.

"Besides," said Walter, "I haven't got a rag to my back."

"That's very easily remedied," said Milner: "you can have a ten-pound note from me for the asking, and between us two, as old friends," he added affectionately, "there need be no favour in a trifling loan."

"I'd rather earn my crust in my own way," said Walter. "I don't want to be ungracious, Boss, but that's how it strikes me."

"And how do you go about it?" asked Milner, with some curiosity.

"Well Boss," replied the young man with a blush, "I work for a comic paper."

"Oh, you do, do you," growled out the elder man. "And how much do you get out of your comic paper?"

"Well, if I stick to it," said Walter, "and things are brisk, I sometimes make as much as fifteen shillings a week."



"And when things aren't brisk?" asked the other man with a smile.

"Well, then, I earn nothing," replied the young man, who didn't like to put his pride in his pocket.

"You'll have to take that ten-pound note of mine, Walter," said Milner. "I'll tell you why; just because a fellow who's beastly hard up has got to work at starvation wages; it's a hard and fast rule, and it's the way of the world; when a man's decently-dressed, people hesitate to offer him starvation wages. The vampire who pays you fifteen shillings a week for good work, when things are brisk, would be glad to give you thrice the amount if you could only make him believe you didn't want it. Now look here, my boy. You don't want to quarrel, do you? Will you take my ten-pound note or won't you? Because if you won't, we shall quarrel. Why, Walter," added Milner, coaxingly, "when you were well off, I should have thought nothing of asking you for a loan if I had wanted one." Milner knew that he was lying when he said the words, but he was unconsciously carrying out the maxims of the Persian sage, the wise Saadi, who said, "Better is a lie which causes happiness than the truth which produces misery."

"You haven't given me your opinion of the picture yet, Boss," said Walter, artfully trying to escape from the dilemma.

"No, and you'll not get any opinion out of me, my boy, until you've put that in your pocket."

And then Walter had to take the note.

"Thank goodness you've got some little common sense left yet," said John Milner, with a laugh. "And now we'll talk about that big picture of yours. I don't dislike the picture, Walter; there's plenty of life and movement and go about the thing; your knights are hacking and chopping and hewing at each other in a most vindictive manner; I don't see any-

thing wrong about the drawing, and the composition's good and the colouring effective. But, my dear boy, you mustn't send that picture. I don't say that it would be rejected; to tell you the truth I don't think it would be; but you must recollect it's a big picture; wall space is precious at Burlington House. Bland is a dear friend of mine, and he's on the hanging committee; but, though he knows you were my pupil, Bland would do his duty like a man, and sky that picture to a dead certainty."

"Do you mean to tell me, Boss," cried Walter, indignantly, "that they'd be mean enough to sky my picture because it is big?"

"You will have it," said Milner; "well, if you will have it, you shall. My poor boy, the picture is a fudge and a fakement; the experienced eye can see that at a glance; why, if it hadn't been a fudge, it would have cost you a hundred pounds for models alone; but that isn't the picture's only crime: it isn't interesting—knights in armour are out of fashion; they'll come in again, no doubt—and the picture is decidedly 'bluggy,' and the public is fond of things that are 'bluggy,' as we all know, especially the youthful public; but there's a fashion even in 'blugginess.' If you'd made a black man of abnormal muscular development, standing at the head of a blood-stained marble stair-

case, valiantly chopping off the heads of other black men, and called it 'How Kramikoko did his Duty,' taking your subject from the fashionable novel by the fashionable author, they'd hang it on the line and it'd be talked about a great deal, and perhaps someone who was fond of blood and black men might buy it. What the public like now is a scene of thrilling interest in daily domestic life: they want something that appeals to the wives and mothers. Why, look at 'Shall I put on the Mustard-Plaster?' Well, it was the picture of the year, of course it was, and



THE LITTLE WIDOW.



it brought in any amount of shillings; all the wives and mothers went to see it, and it thrilled their souls—it was a sort of unanswerable riddle, you see. *Œdipus* himself couldn't have answered that fearful poser about the mustard-plaster. If your picture were hung and skied, it would do you harm rather than good—the skied pictures always serve as targets for the arrows of the small fry of journalism. Every artist at some time or other of his life is seized by a desire to perpetrate something tremendous and impossible: just as every literary man at the beginning of his career is bound to write a five-act tragedy or an epic poem, so every artist must paint one impossible and unsaleable picture; it's like the distemper in puppies, they've got to have it, and the sooner it's over the better for them. I don't mind confessing to you in the strictest confidence, that I attempted the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley on three separate occasions before I was one-and-twenty; I was very proud of the third one, but I painted other subjects over those three awful canvases long ago. That picture is your Latimer and Ridley, Walter; I needn't say any more. Now I want you to promise me one thing; I want you to dine with me at Spagnoletti's the day after to-morrow, and I won't take no for an answer."

Young Croft accepted the invitation, for the timely loan of the ten-pound note would, he knew, enable him to have a decent suit of clothes to dine in.

Then John Milner took his leave.

Walter sat staring at his great picture in a brown study. Though he felt that Milner's opinion must be the right one—that the thing could do him no good and that it would never sell; yet hope was not altogether dead within his breast: the fact that he had made an appointment with Jobson to see the picture at three o'clock. As a rule, Jobson didn't go out to see pictures, but he had a vivid recollection of "*A Hothouse Flower*," and Walter had told Mr. Jobson that he had a big picture which he wanted him to see, and Jobson's mouth had watered in anticipation. "That little thing of his was fetching," he had said to himself, "and this is a big picture. Ah," muttered honest Jobson, "it'll be a regular bouquet of loveliness, perhaps something in the *seragliaglio* line, and there's nothing suits your young city man so well as

something cheap in the *seragliaglio* line."

Jobson arrived. Jobson walked up to "*The Tournament at Ashby*," and Jobson's countenance fell; he stared at the picture and then he rubbed his chin.

"Well, Mr. Jobson," said Walter, "what do you think?"

"Well," said Jobson, meditatively, "it's a noble work—to tell you the truth, Mr. Croft, it's a bit too noble. But that picture would require a frame at least a foot wide—'igh art needs a deal of framing, Mr. Croft. It isn't exactly in my line, and I can't say that I'm prepared to make an offer; but I shall be pleased to take your order for the frame, Mr. Croft, and I'll do it as cheaply as any man in the trade for you, and when that picture goes to Burlington House, you won't have to blush for the frame, and I can't say no fairer than that, can I?"

"Do you think the picture's worth a frame a foot wide, Mr. Jobson?" said Walter, with a calmness begotten of despair.

"Eh?" said Mr. Jobson, rubbing his chin very hard indeed.

"Make me an offer for that picture, Mr. Jobson," said Walter.

Then Mr. Jobson thrust his hands to the very bottoms of his trousers pockets, and as he did so Walter heard a pleasant clinking noise; then Mr. Jobson inflated his cheeks to the fullest extent, then he emitted a low but long-drawn whistling sound; then he blew his nose violently in a big silk handkerchief and "*trumpeted*;" the term is generally used to express the noise made by wild elephants, but old gentlemen habitually do it when hard pressed. "Well," said Mr. Jobson, "it's an awkward picture, that's where it is, Mr. C., a very awkward picture. I might do with a *Crecy* or an *Agincourt*, or I might call it a *Bannockburn* and try to sell it to a Scotchman. The only way, you know, that you could sell a picture like that would be by appealing to the patriotism of the customer. You see, Mr. C., it isn't a picture that would cut up, your figures are too close together."

"I don't quite understand you, Mr. Jobson," said poor Walter.

"Well, when we get hold of a really impossible picture, but that has good work in it—and there's lots of good work in this very impossible picture of yours, Mr. C.—particularly if there are some



pretty faces in it, we just cut it up into so many bits, smudge in plain background, and in a seven-and-sixpenny gilt oval, it forms a "clever oil painting at two pound two." But with this particular picture of yours, Mr. C., I can't see my way. If those chaps in armour were only a little bigger, I might sell them as ancestors; but an ancestor only six inches high is no good to any man; and I couldn't put it into the window, you know, I really couldn't. And do you know, Mr. C., I'm dreadfully pressed for time just now."

Then Walter Croft did a brave thing.

"You may have it at your own price, Mr. Jobson," he said.

The matter ended by Jobson giving Walter five pounds for the picture; and if you are curious, reader, to see that picture and to form your own opinion, and you choose to go and dine at a well-known restaurant off Regent Street, you can do so; there it is, and there it's likely to remain.

thing to you; it was to me when I was your age. And you're not handicapped, as I was, Phillida," said Miss Sandown with another sigh, as she gazed sentimentally into the depths of the fire; for though the London season had commenced, the evenings were chilly.

You would hardly have recognised the young lady that Miss Sandown addressed, as John Milner's model, little Phillida

Fane. I don't think it was because she was so very well dressed, because the dress itself was plain enough and ought to have cost next to nothing; it didn't, though, partly because it was made of *exclusive* material, and you know what that means, and partly because it came from Jane Bond's well-known establishment in South Audley Street. Phillida was very well bred; her mother had been in her youth a very beautiful woman, and Phillida Fane was, to tell the truth, a tall and stately lily; and there could be no two opinions about her beauty. She had



GETTING READY FOR THE OPERA.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### MISS SANDOWN'S LITTLE PLOT.

THEY had had their rubber at backgammon; Miss Sandown had won, and Miss Sandown was in a particularly good humour.

"I always enjoy the off-nights, Phillida, don't you? Of course you don't; how should you?" continued Miss Sandown with a sigh, answering her own question. "You're young and excitement's every-

received any amount of attention, but adulation had not turned her head: she couldn't prevent people paying her compliments, you know, and making a fuss over her; it was not her fault that she was beautiful; it was not her fault, when she sat at Miss Sandown's side on subscription nights, in that lady's box, that people focussed her as though she had been an interesting microscopical specimen, and that, as she went down the grand staircase, she made the hearts of



the bucks and beaux, both young and old, beat more rapidly; it wasn't her fault that she was beautiful. And she would not have been, perhaps, so surpassingly lovely, had it not been for the fact that the last two years of her life had been passed under circumstances favourable to the perfecting and development of beauty. There's the common ox-eyed daisy of the hedge-row: pot it, give it a good dose of Clay's Fertiliser; give it plenty of heat, plenty of light in a good greenhouse, and water it frequently, and what is the result? It ceases to be an ox-eyed daisy, and becomes a marguerite: the blooms are bigger and more plentiful, and it is decidedly a superior article and of marketable value; it's just a case of culture. Now if Phillida had gone on living in Calthorpe Street; if she had been fed on poor and insufficient food, and if her mind had been disturbed and worried by the natural cares of poverty and the circumstances of her humble lot, the development of her beauty would assuredly have been arrested, and probably the promising young plant would have become stunted, both morally and physically. As it was, Phillida had got over her natural diffidence: if she was still a sentimental girl at heart, she had learned that to gush was bad form, and she concealed that weakness which the ordinary middle-class maiden is so much inclined to flaunt. Horse exercise had done the girl good. The fact of being well-gloved and well-shod, and of not taking an inordinate amount of walking exercise, had kept her hands within the limit laid down by Mr. Charnelhouse: and her feet—but no; I will not raise the blush of modesty upon Mrs. Grundy's innocent cheek by talking about her feet; forbid it, Horsley. The London season is trying; but it had done Phillida no harm, for, for two years the regulation three months of dissipation, gaities and late hours, had been followed by thrice that period spent in the sedulous pursuit of health. And it was now the beginning of the London season and Phillida Fane was looking her very best.

Now, Miss Sandown was very fond indeed of Phillida. "If the child marries well," she thought, "as there is every chance of her doing, for she has a host of admirers, so much the better for her: and she shall be married from my house, and I'll buy her something very hand-

some indeed at Hunt and Roskell's, but if she prefers to live with me, I shall be only too glad to have her; and when I'm dead and gone I'll leave her a comfortable annuity." Now, as we all know, every woman is at heart a—no, not a rake, as the malignant little hunchback of Twickenham would have it, but a—matchmaker. I suppose it was because she was a woman and a matchmaker, that Miss Sandown had made up her mind on this particular evening to "pump" Phillida.

"Why, how were you handicapped?" said Phillida with some curiosity, replying to her friend's remark.

"My dear," she said, "I had the misfortune to be born an heiress; and I was wofully plain, and nobody was more painfully aware of the fact than I was, Phillida; and I received enough attention to turn the head of any girl, but I knew perfectly well that it wasn't plain Georgina Sandown that they wanted, but her money. And a girl is handicapped when she knows that: and as, one by one, she finds her so-called lovers out, her heart grows sick, as mine did, Phillida: and the girl who feels that it never, never can be her fate to be loved for herself alone, is bound to be unhappy when she thinks of love. Sometimes she takes to religion; in the good old days she used to turn nun; if some Irish swashbuckler got the chance, he carried her off to Gretna Green in a chaise and four: nowadays such girls take to learning, or good works, or politics, or they unsex themselves and rave about their rights and their wrongs, till people wish they would cease from troubling and be at rest; your social porcupine isn't a pleasant sort of person to get on with; but I don't think I had character enough for that sort of thing; I became an idolater and I worshipped myself: as long as I was amused I was satisfied. I rushed about from place to place to escape from boredom: fortune-hunters made life unbearable and I made no new friends, partly because I had grown suspicious of everybody, partly because I could never be decently civil to a man, old, young, or middle-aged, but, if he happened to be unmarried, he instantly felt he had, as it were, taken the shilling, and enlisted in the regiment of my adorers. You are better off than I was, little Phillida, and you ought to begin to think



seriously, my dear, of settling down. It's a great thing for a girl when she can marry well, and have, at the same time the privilege of knowing that she is loved for herself alone," and here the poor old lady gave a little sigh. "Phillida," she said rather solemnly, "you've got to think of yourself and your future, and your little sisters, my dear, and to remember, as Captain Fisher says, that it isn't always the May fly month when the trout feed freely; it's the May fly month with you just now, my dear. Phillida," said the old lady suddenly, looking the girl straight in the eyes, "what do you think of Lord Mortlake?"

"I like him very much," replied the girl simply; "he's very nice, and he's very nice-looking, and he has always been very kind to me."

"He has shown you a very great deal of attention, Phillida, and let me tell you that Lord Mortlake is very well off."

"Yes, I suppose he must be," replied the girl unconcernedly.

"Do you think you could ever care for Lord Mortlake, Phillida?" asked the elder lady.

"You can't be blind, you know, Phillida," she added sharply, "You must have been aware of his attentions."

"Attentions paid by Lord Mortlake to a girl in my position, Miss Sandown, if she's wise, she will look upon as commonplace courtesies, I think."

"Is there anybody else, Phillida?" asked Miss Sandown somewhat anxiously.

"No, there's no one else," said Phillida with a blush.

"Then you've never been in love, Phillida?"

"Only with the foolish fancy of an idle girl," replied little Miss Fane, "but that's ever so long ago."

"And have you got over the wound inflicted by Cupid's dart, child?"

"It was only skin deep, dear," the girl replied with a smile.

"Then Phillida, tell me all about it. Now be nice and tell me, there's a dear child."

"I am afraid there's very little to tell," said Phillida. "It was when I first began to sit to Mr. Milner, and Mr. Milner had a pupil; and I was very very young and very very foolish; he was quite young you know, and he hardly ever spoke to me; and I'm afraid that I looked upon him as a sort of being from another world than mine; and in my mind I made up a sort of child's romance about him, and when he spoke to me I used to blush; and it made me dreadfully unhappy to know that he merely looked on me as a little girl who was an artist's model: and then I heard

that the young fellow was very rich, and that he was going to marry somebody whose portrait he was always painting: and I didn't go to Mr. Milner's studio for two months or more, and when I did have occasion to, Mr. Milner told me that Walter had lost all his money and had become very poor."

"Oh, you thought of him as Walter, did you? You'd got as far as that then,"



THE SPIRIT.



said Miss Sandown with a smile, evidently tickled by the idea.

"Now that's unkind," answered the girl; "I never even heard his surname. Mr. Milner always used to call him Walter, and so I've always thought of him as Walter, you know. And I was

very, very sorry for him, dear, and I've never seen him since, or heard of him but once, and then it was through Mrs. Charnelhouse; and I heard her say to Mr. Milner, 'So that nice-looking pupil of yours has quite gone under, I hear.' And Mr. Milner said he was afraid so, and shook his head. And Mr. Bland, the Academician, who was talking with them, said it was a pity, for that he thought there had been something in him. And now you've had the whole story of my youthful indiscretion, Miss Sandown; and that's the very last I ever heard of—of——"

"Walter, you were going to say, my dear. There's nothing to be ashamed of; why shouldn't you?"

"Of Walter, then," said Phillida defiantly.

"I've accepted an invitation, Phillida, for us both; we are going to dine at Richmond, at the Star and Garter, with

Mortlake and his mother. Lord Mortlake must be very fond of me, my dear, to ask me to dine with his mother."

Then Phillida blushed, but she looked Miss Sandown in the face all the while.

"You've never dined at Richmond, Phillida, I think. Girls don't care what

they eat, or you'd enjoy yourself. I shall enjoy myself; Mortlake's mother is a very old friend of mine, and we shall have lots to say to each other; and I hope you'll be very nice to the son, and look your very best, my dear."

I am afraid that little Miss Fane did not look forward with unmixed pleasure to the idea of the little dinner at Richmond; she guessed intuitively that it was not merely to regale her with duck and green peas, and the regulation delicacies of the Star and Garter, that the invitation had been given.

She was troubled; and she was still more troubled when Miss Sandown remarked a little pointedly, "I hope you won't forget, my dear, that Mortlake is nice-looking, good-tempered and well off, and, what is much more important, that he has nothing against him; and rich young men with clean records are not as plentiful as gooseberries, let me tell you, Phillida."



MRS. DACRE (A STUDY).

And then Miss Sandown kissed her and bade her good-night; and when she had done so, holding both her hands in hers, the kind old lady looked into the girl's eyes and said, "I know that you'll never forget your duty towards yourself, child, and that you'll remember, too, the interests of your little orphan sisters." And then that artful old schemer, Miss Sandown, rang the bell for her maid and retired. And Phillida went to bed to dream that she was married to Lord Mortlake, and that she was being presented at Court by Miss Sandown; and that there was something wrong about her train, and that the Lord Great Chamberlain stood on the right of the throne, his wand of office in his hand; and as she advanced towards that august lady whom we all love and reverence, that his lordship placed his hand to the side of his mouth,

after the manner of costermongers who are crying their wares, and, in the most undignified way, shouted, "Lady Mortlake, on her promotion!" And then, in her dream, the band struck up a popular air, and everybody began to dance: and the Lord Great Chamberlain cut impossible *entrechats* and was the delight of all beholders.

"True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy."

We shouldn't dream such dreams,  
reader,

"For you and I have passed our dancing days."

But little Miss Fane hadn't passed her dancing days; she was but a girl, and even hard-hearted Mrs. Grundy wouldn't wish to make the wicked British novelist responsible for the dreams of girls.

(To be continued.)

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# THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES CYCLING CAMP

AND A FEW OF OUR CHAMPION CYCLISTS.

**O**UR racing men, on both path and road, have been doing some capital work this season, records having become rather a monotony, and now that the time arrives for the storing of the favourite "jigger," the cosy smoking rooms of our numerous clubs will be filled with celebrities of the wheel, quietly chatting over the season's performances and arranging plans for even greater effort next spring.

To be able to ride 400 miles in twenty-four hours on path, and 359 on road, is undoubtedly worthy of

every praise, but to be constantly training for these marvellous performances I fail to see the real pleasures of cycling, and in what way it benefits the constitution.

Nevertheless, these gigantic rides are done, and more than likely we shall see even these figures beaten next year. Some of our readers may say the writer does not agree with races, but there they would read me wrongly, as I consider the prestige of cycling is greatly due to our crack riders and the many race meetings throughout the country.

While speaking of the improvements in machines, I was pleased to hear a whisper that the Stanley Show will not go this year to the Palace, but will open in November next at a more central hall in the neighbourhood of Islington, and I hope this will prove true, for should the

Show Committee only carry out this plan, they will find 1892 a bumper for them. The Stanley Show (thanks to that enterprising organisation, the Stanley Cycling Club) is looked forward to as one of the treats of the year; and by rendering the wheeleries a little more get-

at-able, the Executive will find not only the big makers fall in, but a great increase on previous years in the number of visitors. Have our readers been to this Mammoth Cycling Show? I seem to hear the answer of many, No! Then

I say, Go this year and you will find it not only interesting but instructive, whether you are a rider or not.

The racing season opened well this year with the usual Surrey Bicycle Club

Meeting at the Oval; the principal item on the programme was the Ten-Mile Race for the Surrey Cup, in which U. L. Lambley beat a big field of starters in the

most brilliant style.

Mr. M. A. Holbein, of the North Road and Catford Clubs, established a wonderful record last November on the Herne Hill Track, by covering a distance of 361 miles 1,446 yards in twenty-four hours, and late in this summer he travelled 359 miles on the road in the same space of time. The former achievement was quite eclipsed last July by Mr. F. W. Shorland on his Geared Ordinary, on the occasion of the Twenty-four-Hours Path Race for

J. H. ADAMS.



R. L. EDE.



L. STROUD.



F. W. SHORLAND



M. A. HOLBEIN.

the "Cuca Cocoa Cup," valued at one hundred guineas, presented by Messrs. Root and Co., Limited, manufacturers of the Cuca Cocoa.

Although many long distances have been covered on the road, and several of the long-distance riders have set themselves a twenty-four hours' task, the Cuca Cocoa Race is the first of its kind that has been ventured on the path, and had the officials the ordering of weather the conditions for such a trying undertaking could not have been more favourable. The excellent track at Herne Hill was wisely selected for the competition, and a goodly number of enthusiasts turned up before the appointed time for the start (8 p.m., July 22) to cheer the competitors on their way. The greatest interest was displayed throughout the race, which was won in a surprising manner by F. W. Shorland, who covered the unprecedented distance of 413 miles 1,615 yards, beating all records above 90 miles; M. A. Holbein, holder of the previous record for this distance, was unfortunately compelled to retire before he had completed 200 miles, through saddle-soreness. J. M.

James, Stanley C.C., rode second to Shorland with 407½ miles to his credit. The other competitors were J. F. Walsh, A. Brundett, S. F. Edge, E. P. Moorhouse, F. T. Bidlake, and J. E. L. Bates.

The trophy is held by the winner for twelve months and becomes his sole property if won three times, not necessarily in succession.

Amongst our portraits of celebrities we give Shorland, the winner, who was, even before this wonderful feat, one of the most popular riders of the day, having pushed himself to the front rank as far back as 1889, when only eighteen years of age, by accomplishing a ride of 160½ miles in twelve hours, and a ride from London to Edinburgh in ten hours. Last season Shorland reached the height of his fame by winning the North Road Twenty-four Hours Race, establishing in this contest a record for twelve hours by covering 193 miles, and 326 miles in the

twenty-four hours during extremely bad weather. Shorland rides a Crypto-Geared Ordinary.



FICKWICK BICYCLE CLUB.



M. A. Holbein, a member of the North Road and Catford Clubs, is undoubtedly one of the best long-distance riders of the present age, and holds several records for the tricycle, tandem and safety, having lately ridden 359 miles in twenty-four hours on the road on his "Swift" Safety.

J. H. Adams, more generally known as "Johnny" Adams, still retains his posi-

and other cycling clubs. Last season (1891) representing the London B.C. against the Oxford University B.C., he won both the one and four miles contests, and against Cambridge University B.C. he finished first in all three events, also winning the N.C.U. twenty-five miles tricycle championship. At Calais he won both the one mile bicycle championship of France and the one mile handicap.



THE HOLBORN CYCLING CLUB (IN CAMP).

tion amongst the foremost rank of path riders after a long and successful career. As far back as the early eighties he created a sensation by winning an all-day race promoted by the makers of the "Facile" Safety. In 1889 he won both the fifty miles Safety and Ordinary championships, and last year we found him again riding the Ordinary and winning three championships and one second out of the four events for that class of machine. Adams has, however, ridden the Safety this year with equal success, and only recently won the one hundred miles race for the Surrey Cup, establishing a new record for that distance. Adams rides the Whitworth machines, and holds the position of manager to the manufacturers, at Birmingham.

As a member of the Oxford University Bicycle Club, Lewis Stroud was first known to fame, and, with A. A. E. Weir, he shares the honour of being the only member of that organisation who have won amateur championships.

Since leaving the University in 1890, Stroud has practised in London as a solicitor, and has become quite an acquisition to the Metropolitan paths and, like Adams, belongs to the Speedwell

In the Bordeaux to Paris race Stroud rendered most valuable help to G. P. Mills, the winner.

R. L. Ede is one of the smallest racing men a wheel and enjoys the reputation of being one of the most successful of cyclists, and at the time of writing only numbers twenty-three years. His first victory in a scratch race was gained early in 1891 at the Kildare B. and T.C. meeting, at which he won the first prize, and the Challenge Cup in the two miles Safety lap race. July 14 last year he started on a record-breaking trip, and besides beating the previous best time for four miles, he established new records



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA (AT THE WANDSWORTH TENT.)



for all distances from six miles to sixty-three inclusive—time for fifty miles, two hours seventeen minutes one and four-fifths seconds.

In the fifty miles N.C.U. championship Ede finished second to Osmond, in two hours twenty-nine minutes five and one-fifth seconds, and the present season he carried off the twenty-five miles championship, and several other smaller events.

Leaving our champion racers, let me turn to a most delightful time I spent this August at the Southern Counties Camp at Dorking of the Touring Cyclists, who have no ambition for time medals, silver cups, etc., but prefer the company of friends and fellow-companions of the road, to go leisurely touring along the prettiest and most unfrequented roads, enjoying the beauties of nature and receiving that benefit from the fresh air of our beautiful country for which cycling was first intended. Those only who participate in these pleasures can appreciate the love of the cyclist for his "jigger," as he goes pushing along at a steady pace of about

ten or twelve miles an hour, making for the next house of call—a quiet little country inn, the host of which can tell a good tale of the benefits he has received from the cyclists, their presence on the road having quite revived the "old stage coach times;" and what a few years ago seemed to be a house devoid of trade is now brightened up with smiling faces, the old house renovated, and in many cases the C.T.C. sign displayed from the most conspicuous part of the building.

To quote these houses would mean compiling a volume similar to "Kelly's Directory," but suffice it to say that at any of these wayside inns the hungry cyclist is well catered for, and after a pleasant day's run you may find, seated in an ancient chimney corner reminding you of the year "one," two wheelmen of modern times, perhaps one from Brighton, the other from London, recounting their trip over a puff of the weed, having met half way. The great conviviality that is always the main feature of the tourist has naturally made his list of acquaintances a long one, and some few years ago Mr. Scarlet Thompson, in order to cultivate friendship, organised the Southern Cyclist Camp, which was held at his own risk on the old A.P. track. The venture, however, was by no means a success, financially, but from the campers' point of view it was a holiday of merry-making with the old motto, "hail fellow well met," throughout the encampment.

The following year a committee, formed of influential members from the principal clubs—in which Mr. Vernon Smith and



THE SILVERDALE CYCLING CLUB.

Mr. E. Lane Campbell took leading parts—decided to relieve Mr. Thompson from responsibility and take over the entire management. The Camp was next held at Tunbridge Wells, and the following August bank holiday at Shalford Park, near Guildford, and so successful was it, and the townspeople so anxious for their return, that the committee decided to spend another season there. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. Gossling, of Busbridge Park, Godalming, three most enjoyable Camps were held on his estate.

low, while the spire of St. Martin's (the parish church) stands up majestically alone, reminding us of the proximity of the town. To the north-east lies the famous Box Hill, about a mile distant, the summit of which is about six hundred feet above the level of the river Mole.

On this lovely spot the cyclists were as busy as bees, July 28, erecting their tents on the spaces allotted to them, all eager to make them handsome before the arrival of visitors.

The campers of to-day are far more



THE HOLBORN CAMERA CLUB.

The present season is the second at Dorking, and at which our portraits were taken by Mr. R. W. Thomas, the official photographer to the Camp.

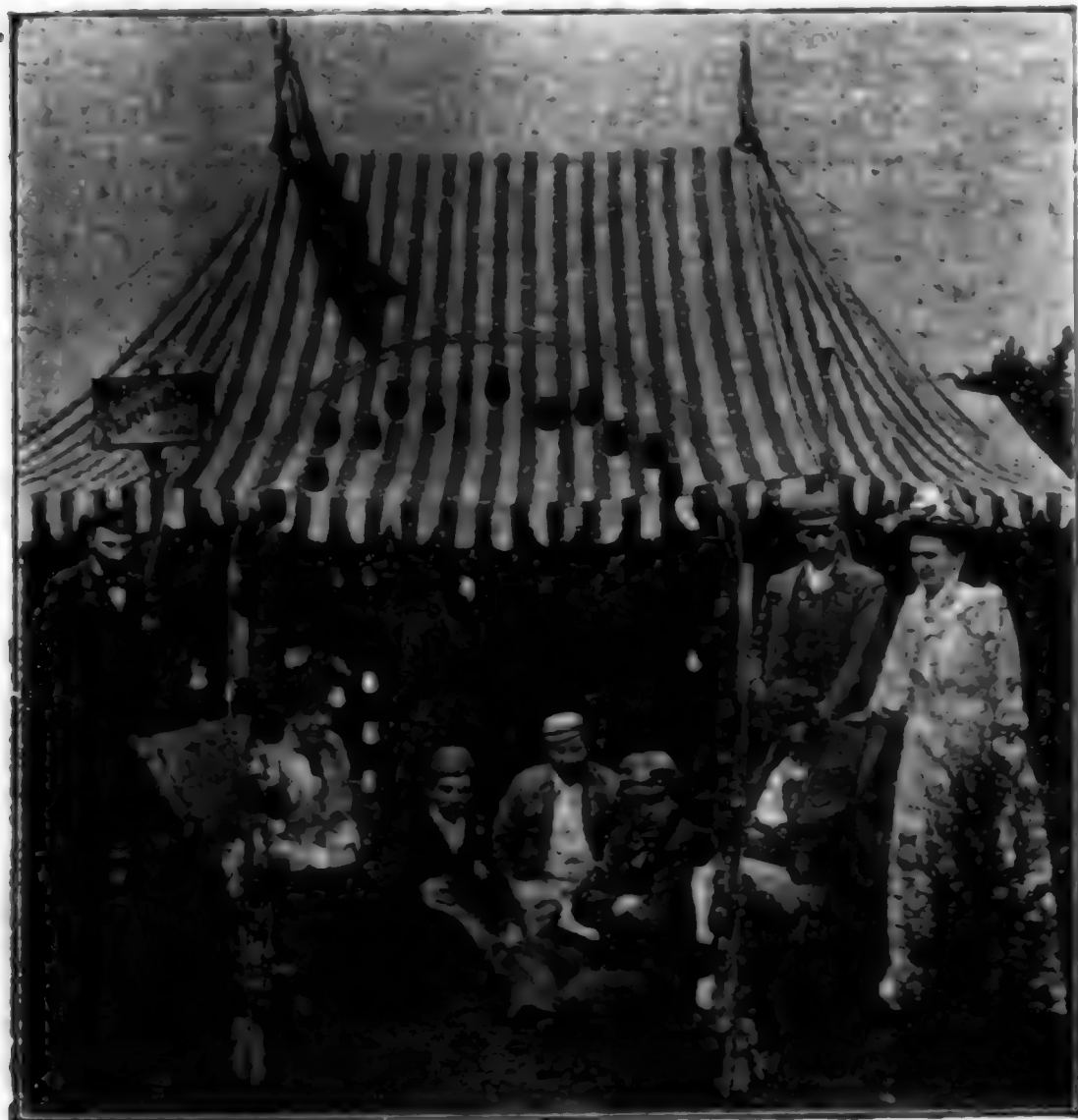
Dorking is most beautifully situated in the south-eastern division of Surrey, on the main road from London to Horsham, and in olden days was a post upon the Roman road that led from Arundel to London.

The site of the Camp is the well-known poultry farm on the rise of the hill behind the High Street, and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding hills, the quiet and quaint town of Dorking lying hidden from view in the valley be-

luxeious than in former days, as may be guessed by the fact that the Hammer-smith Cycling Club had a grand marquee and bell tents, the former grandly furnished and brilliantly illuminated by electricity, with two powerful arc lamps at the head of the flagpole to brighten the exterior.

The Wandsworth Encampment looked extremely gay and pretty. Mr. R. Pemberton (Hon. Sec. to the Camp) occupied the one corner with his tastily arranged tent, "The Fernery," comparing most favourably with the prettiest on the ground, especially when his good-looking bull dog, "Scamp," had possession of the





MR. PEMBERTON'S TENT (SECRETARY TO THE CAMP).

doorway to keep the cats from the canaries and the anglers from the "trout stream."

On the opposite corner was a similar tent to that of Mr. Pemberton's, occupied by our worthy and esteemed friend, Mr. E. Lane Campbell, President of the Camp, and the fact of his re-election speaks for itself as to his abilities in that capacity.

The Holborn Club, one of the most social cycling organisations in London, as on all previous occasions, was particularly well represented; their London quarters are situated at 100, High Holborn, of which they are justly proud, as they boast of being

one of the first institutions to promote club-houses. The officers connected with this club found in Camp were:— Mr. C. O. Burgess, president; G. H. Reynolds, vice-president; W. Harbert, captain; E. Taylor, secretary; and sub-captains F. Barnes and E. Keene. Their enclosure was one of the most imposing and undoubtedly the largest, in the centre of which the Holborn Camera Club found its reservation.

The Camera Club is an offshoot of the Cycling Club, and during the holiday everybody and everything were photographed, first in this and then in that attitude. S. Tingfang Chang, a member of the Chinese Embassy, and an ardent amateur photographer, is a great supporter of the Camera Club. He visits the Camp yearly and takes his series of views.

Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Harbert, and several lady friends, undertook the decoration of the reception tent, for which they de-



THE SURREY WHEELERS' TENT.



served great credit; their company in all numbering about sixty.

The Surrey Wheelers, who boast of Sir J. Blundell Maple as their president, had "Les Garçons Sans Souci" blazoned on the banner over the entrance; and the Daneville C.C., with their president, Mr. T. W. Venner, seemed to be having an equally good time.

Conspicuous amongst the campers were the Pickwick B. C. (which claims to be one of the oldest cycling institutions in London); the local Dorking Club had their Dorking rooster to greet you on entrance and occupied the old spot of the Stanley C.C. The Silverdale C.C. were well represented and proud of the title they assumed, "The rowdy dowdy crew."

Every camper labels his tent to the extent of his fancy; naming a few, we have "The House that Jack built," "Beware of pick-pockets," "The Bear's retreat," "Shaving done here while you wait," and several other frolicsome jokes were displayed round the whole camp.

The sports on the Bank Holiday Monday were held under most favourable

conditions in the Camp grounds, about three thousand people readily paying their sixpence admission. The various

events were carried out with the utmost satisfaction, and were of the old English type, causing immense fun among the good-humoured spectators. The band stand was occupied by the Dorking band, and a capital selection of popular music was given throughout the proceedings.

The list of events included the following items:—Bicycle slow race, obstacle race, tilt-

ing at the quintain, wheelbarrow race, three-legged race, sack race, and, finally, a grand inter-club tug-of-war.

The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Cubitt, accompanied by the Hon. Geo. Cubitt.

The following Wednesday a fancy dress Carnival was held, proving a decided success, the Holborn members showing up very strongly in their masquerading costumes.

[The Photos reproduced in this Article were taken by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, of 121, Cheap-side, London.]



TENT OF MESSRS. BURGESS AND ROWE, OF THE HOLBORN CLUB.



awoke one morning to find myself almost blind of one eye that I realised the terrible cloud which threatened to overtake me.

**I** WAS blind. At the age of twenty-six, with substantial private means, a rising business at the bar and prospects otherwise bright, fate had ordained that I should be struck down with this terrible scourge, and be compelled to face life without my eyes.

Before I had attained my twentieth year, the doctors warned me of a serious defect in my sight, and predicted evil consequences unless I preserved the greatest care. But I was young and reckless. Life had hitherto been bright, and fortune had never forsaken me. My university career had been a success, and at the bar, to which I was early called, I was fortunate in attracting notice with my very first case. It would seem, indeed, as if fate had planted me safely on the road to fame; then struck me to the ground, only to leave me hopeless and helpless—a mere object of compassion.

My sight had been growing steadily and rapidly worse, but with increasing business matters pressing upon me, and ambitious thoughts filling all my spare moments, I paid little attention to all ominous signs; and it was only when I

I at once went to my private doctor, but he refused to commit himself by expressing any opinion, and advised me to consult some eminent oculist immediately. To the oculist I went, only to have my alarm turned almost into terror. Had I come a year sooner he could have spared my sight, but now there was no hope for me! He might, indeed, postpone the evil day for several weeks; he could give me some lotion to alleviate the pain—this was all the comfort I got from him.

Then began a month of agony. Almost mad at the bare idea of a long life of gloom before me, I rushed from physician to physician imploring any assistance they might give me. All told the same story. A year ago they could have done everything, but now they could do nothing for me. Some tried experiments, only to make me worse; most refused to make any attempts at cure, deeming my case hopeless. Thus time and money fled, and, six weeks after that fatal morning, my eyes refused to reflect the beauties of the world around me.

Blind! I am not going to begin and describe my feelings then; that is not my story. From morning till night I



walked aimlessly through the house, my mind almost giving way under the strain of frenzied grief it had to bear. The sound of music I loathed; reading aloud I could not bear. All I seemed to enjoy was, as it were, to glory in my sorrow and long for death.

But my doctor would not entertain any ideas of death. A change of air and surroundings—what a mocking term it seemed!—was prescribed, and I was ordered north to Scotland. For a time I would not hear of it, but my daily existence soon became almost intolerable, and after some weeks I consented to do as they desired—a strange, weird presentiment that I might perchance meet with a fatal accident on the journey, and thus end my misery, helping my decision.

I was not destined to be killed, however. Romance was yet to bestow on me a fair share of her eccentricities. I reached Scotland in safety, and proceeded with my friend, Howard, a clever young Scotch doctor, to a remote part of Perthshire.

Howard was the first medical man who had given me the faintest ray of hope for the recovery of my sight. True, on his first examination he had shaken his head ominously, and inclined to fears for the worst. But after I had stayed with him for a week, and when he had been able to make a careful study of my trouble, he ventured to express an idea that it was hardly yet time to despair.

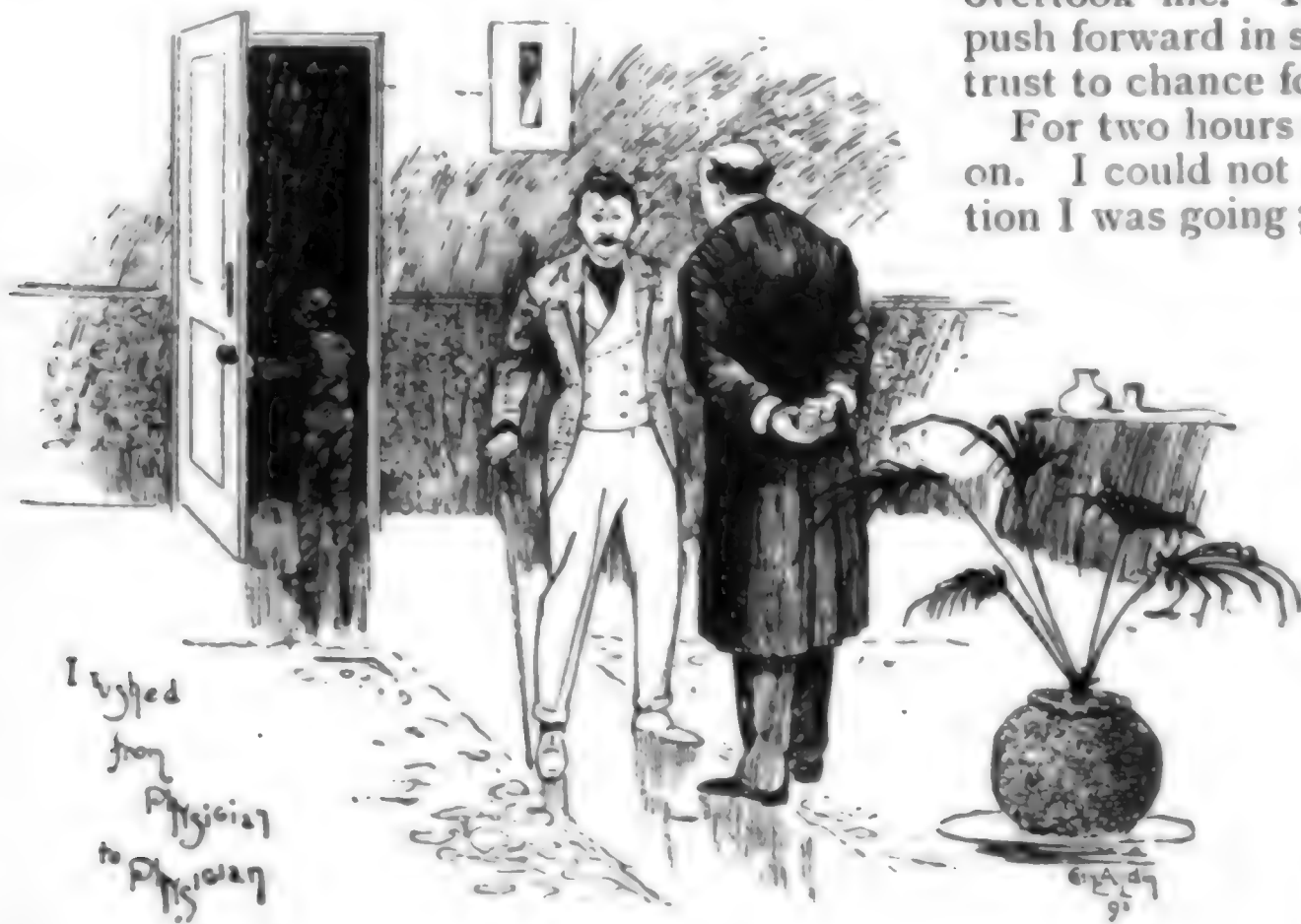
This remark, however, sent me into such a state of feverish excitement that he refused to talk more on the subject. He even left off examining my eyes, and I was permitted once more to fall back on my own bitter thoughts.

But a spark of hope is a wonderful tonic, and however little I may have thought of a possible cure, I certainly began to feel my spirits lighten, and could almost say I *enjoyed* the fresh mountain air.

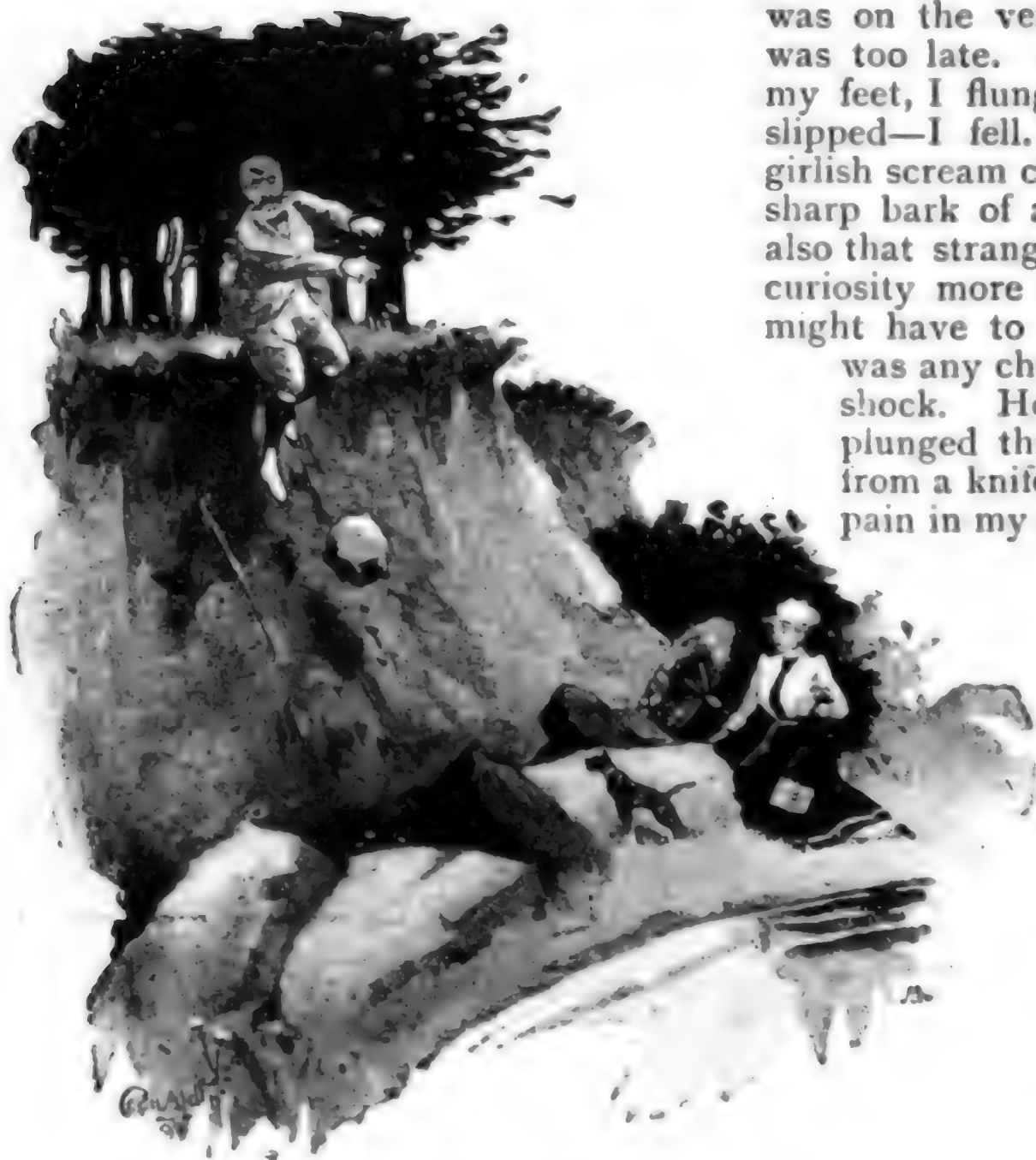
One afternoon I foolishly ventured out alone. Deep in thought I stumbled along the road, regardless of the danger a blind man would run in such a dreary and desolate part. How far I may have walked I do not know; what first brought me to my senses was feeling grass or moss under my feet, and which told me I had somehow or other missed my path. I retraced my steps a dozen yards or so, but still I was on the soft turf. I walked back and forward in every direction, but still no road could I feel. For a few minutes I stood irresolute, hardly knowing what to do in my dilemma. I knew I could not be far from the road, and that if I only chose to wait long enough my friends would be sure to come along that way when they became anxious regarding my prolonged absence. But I disliked this idea. I had begun to nourish a strong resentment at my helplessness, and I had now a longing in my mind to perform blind what I could do before misfortune overtook me. Thus I resolved to push forward in some direction and trust to chance for guidance.

For two hours or more I plodded on. I could not tell in what direction I was going; in fact I had the impression that I could not have wandered far from the spot where I first missed the road. I knew that night must be coming on, for October had set in, and I felt its chill dew on my cheek.

Suddenly a sound fell on my ears. At first it seemed far away,



I walked  
from  
Physician  
to Physician



I SLIPPED—I FELL.

and then as I stood still and listened, it would appear to be near at hand—almost at my feet. It was a woman's voice I heard. She was gently humming some plaintive operatic melody. I knew the time and could follow her note by note, but not for worlds could I have named it or said where I had heard it before. I might have called to her for aid: if I had, this story would never have been written. But I scorned to appeal to a woman for aid. Such is man's pride!

The voice now seemed to rise far away in front of me, and I hurried forward, recklessly stumbling through bogs and ditches. The notes grew nearer and clearer. Presently, mingling with them, rose the gentle trickle of a stream close at hand. Nature and art blended in perfect concord. All at once the rippling music of the water rose to a dashing, splashing torrent, and drowned the harmonious notes which first had caught my ear. All the music seemed to have fled. I was conscious that something terrible was going to happen, and stopped in my headlong career, feeling I

was on the verge of a catastrophe. It was too late. A stone gave way under my feet, I flung out my arms wildly, I slipped—I fell. I dimly remember a girlish scream close by my side, and the sharp bark of a little dog. I remember also that strange sensation—a feeling of curiosity more than fear—of how far I might have to fall, and whether there was any chance of my surviving the shock. Hours seemed to fly as I plunged through space. A stab as from a knife in my side! A frightful pain in my arm as if the muscles had

been torn out by some instrument of torture! Then one great, terrible shock which made me oblivious of all suffering and terror. A thousand stars danced before my eyes—the first I had seen for months. (How I revelled in the sight of them for the moment!) Then all grew dark again; the sound of the stream died away; I felt I was going to sleep—my senses fled.

What ages it seemed while I slept. The dreams I had I cannot remember, all I recollect is the vision in my mind of a sweet girlish face with fair hair and blue shining eyes, eyes that seemed to burn into mine as if by their gaze they could restore light to my sightless orbs. I remember, also, hearing again and again that haunting melody which had struck so familiarly on my ears that fatal afternoon. This is all I can recall from a three weeks' fevered nightmare.

When consciousness returned to me, I was in my own bed at the little McNevis Arms Hotel with Howard by my side. I was too weak to speak, but feeling his hand in mine I pressed it gently to indicate that I was now awake. In a few words he bade me lie quiet, and I obeyed. My mind was restless, and as I felt no inclination to talk, I lay still and wondered what had happened to me.

Two days afterwards, however, when he was sitting by my side, I ventured to ask, "How long have I been ill, Howard?"

"Three weeks," he said. "You met with an accident and broke your arm, and that, coupled with all your worry



and anxiety the last three or four months, brought on a slight attack of brain fever."

"Am I all right now?"

"Yes, just about it; you will have to keep quiet for another week though."

"Why are my eyes bandaged?" I asked.

He hesitated for a moment and then replied, "You cut your head in falling, but we'll get the bandages off in a day or two."

I could not help thinking that it must have been a somewhat serious case to require bandaging so long, but I said nothing and lay still for some time.

Presently I asked abruptly, "Who was that girl, Howard?"

"Girl?" he echoed; "what girl?"

I paused a moment before continuing. "The girl who was there when I fell."

"My dear fellow," said Howard quickly, "I am afraid that girl has been part of your dream. An old woman who stays about four miles up the glen found you, and with the assistance of her husband, got you taken to her cottage."

"How am I here, then?"

"The man came over to find out about you and met us half way, so we got you driven over the same night."

I held my peace, not because I imagined that my recollection of this girl was only a dream but because I felt that Howard was deceiving me, and I was in no mood for arguing then.

For more than a week I said nothing further about the matter, and then something happened which was calculated to banish every other thought for the moment from my mind. The bandages had still been kept round my head and eyes, in fact, except for a slight re-arrangement and an occasional applying of lotion, they had not been touched since I

recovered consciousness. One day, however, in moving my head I disordered them somewhat and instinctively put up my hand to sort them. Being at that time one-handed and, consequently, rather clumsy, I only succeeded in making matters worse and the bandage fell off my eyes altogether.

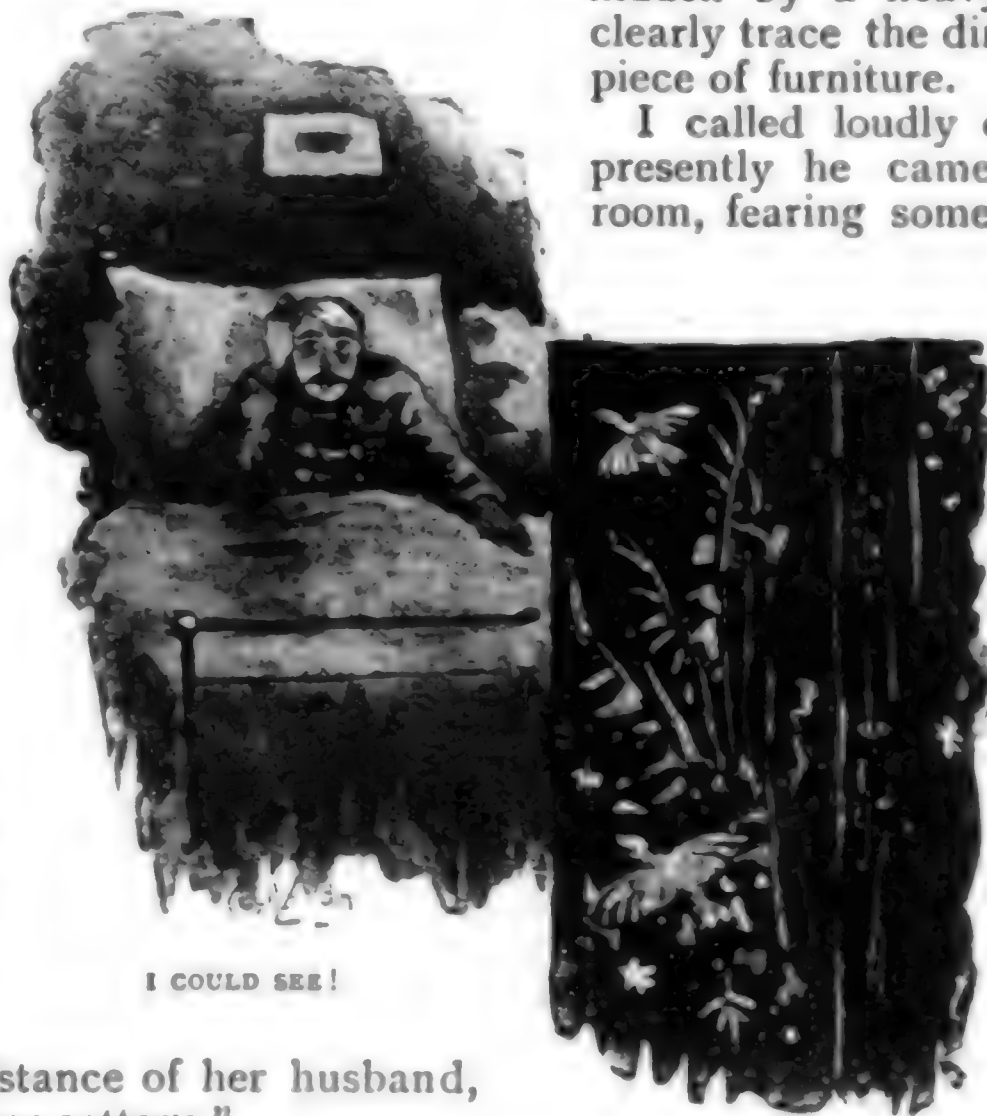
My heart gave a sudden leap of startled joy. *I could see!* I raised myself on one elbow and looked around, hardly daring to believe the truth. The room was dark, the shutters being closed and the curtains drawn. The fire was lit, however, and although any light it cast was carefully hidden by a heavy screen, I could clearly trace the dim outline of each piece of furniture.

I called loudly on Howard, and presently he came rushing to my room, fearing some mishap had befallen me. I well remember his face when he opened the door, that look of horror a doctor gives when his patient has done something to overturn his plans. Without a word he took the bandages, and, in spite of my protestations, adjusted them firmly on my eyes again. Then, after administering a cooling draught,

he sat by my side and briefly told me what he had done.

As I said before, he had all along refused to believe my case hopeless; so when he saw that my fever was in no way so serious as to cause any alarm, he resolved to try an experiment which for weeks he had been planning. Procuring the aid of an Edinburgh specialist, he performed the operation when I was unconscious, and he now assured me that if I would only have patience a few weeks longer, I might have my sight perfectly restored to me.

"Patience!" I cried; "my dear fellow, I'll lie here for months if I'll only see at the end of them."



I COULD SEE!

"Weeks will do it, old boy," he said, "if you'll only keep quiet."

And I did keep quiet. My spirits rose, and with them my strength. I lay still, and listened to Howard's never-failing stories without speaking. All care and worry I tried to banish from my mind. One thing, however, disturbed me; a pale, girlish face, with

piercing blue eyes, haunted my mind, and again and again I found myself humming that quaint operatic melody that had so attracted me. Howard evidently noticed my manner when so troubled, for one day he said:

"Look here, Alfred, there's something on your mind. What is it?"

At first I protested that nothing was troubling me, but he pressed me hard, and then I said:

"The fact is, Howard, I've been wondering who that girl can have been. You scouted the idea when I first mentioned it, but I don't care what you say; I am right. A girl was sitting beside the stream when I fell over the little cliff. It was hearing her voice that brought me there, and she was humming that operatic air I whistled two minutes ago."

Howard looked at me steadily and thoughtfully. "I've made every possible inquiry about that matter, Alf, and there is no such girl in the neighbourhood. You had wandered about five miles up the glen that afternoon, and, besides the little shepherd's hut, this is the nearest house to the scene of your accident. I went one day to question the shepherd's wife who found you, but could get nothing out of her. She declares she came on you by the merest chance, and that no one else was near. You must have dreamt it, old man."

Discussion was evidently useless, and I resolved never to mention the matter again. However, I made up my mind that as soon as well, I would see this old

woman who was said to have found me, and get the real truth from her.

As fate would will it, this opportunity never came.

The first day I was permitted to uncover my eyes and view nature once more in all her glory, news reached us of the death of

this old woman, to whom, apparently, I owed my life. I grieved for the loss of my humble benefactress, and I grieved to think that with her must die also the hope of ever solving the mys-

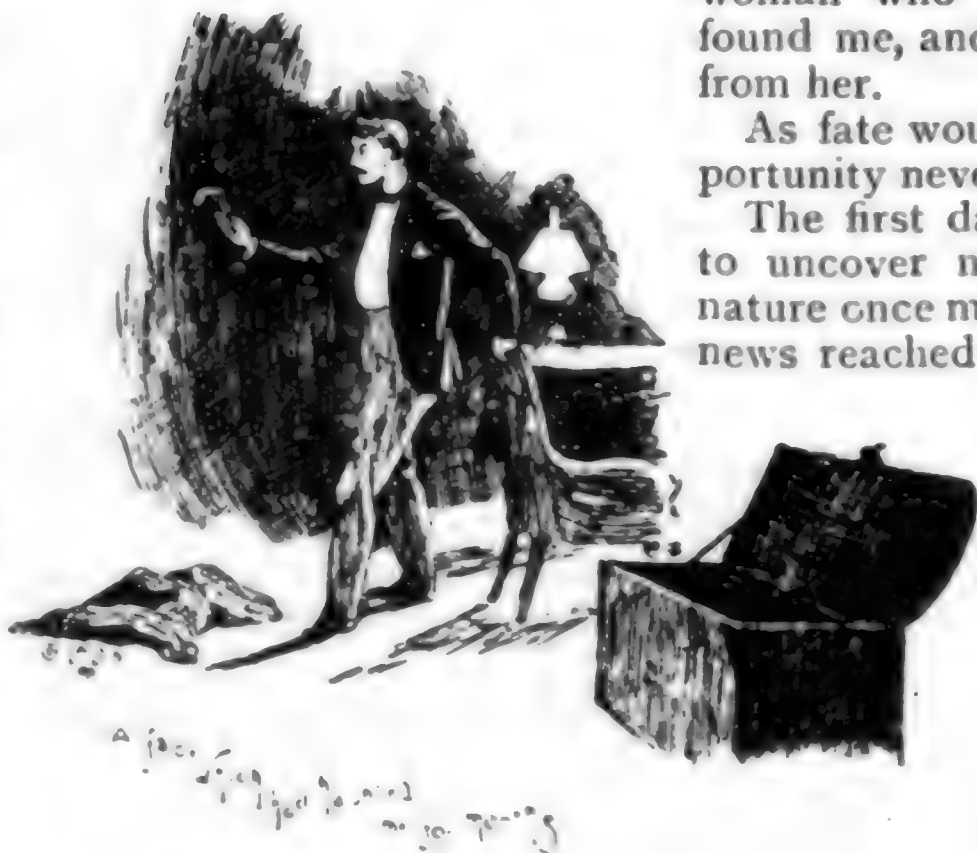
tery of my romantic misadventure.

\* \* \* \*

Back in London once more, my health restored, my sight returned, I was preparing for a trip across the Atlantic with my good friend, who had been overworking himself lately and required rest.

Looking over my wardrobe, my eye lighted on a short tweed jacket which had done service in Scotland when I was there recruiting my energies. Searching the pockets I found an old notebook which I remembered contained one or two photographs of myself, taken shortly before my eyesight so unfortunately gave way. Picking one up, I threw back the tissue paper to scan my boyish features. The picture nearly dropped from my hand as I did so. A face which in dim outline had haunted me for months looked up to mine in all its truthful reality. There were the dark, brilliant eyes, the clear, broad forehead, the fair, curly hair—a head perfect in its beauty, almost sacred in its purity.

How had this photograph found its way there? My heart beat quickly as I asked myself the question. I counted over my own—one was missing. This had been substituted. But where was my missing one? Undoubtedly with the original of that beautiful picture lying before me. But who was *she*? What was she? Where was she? What was the meaning of all this mystery? I turned the photograph over and over, but no trace of any name could be seen. All I could





learn was that my unknown friend must be a girl of some nineteen years, and at the same time one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen.

I decided not to mention the matter to anyone, but immediately set to work to make all possible inquiries. I wrote to the proprietor of the McNevis Arms Hotel, offering him a substantial reward should he succeed in finding any clue which would lead to my discovering a young lady who was seen in the neighbourhood about six months previously. The name of the photographer had been carefully erased from the picture, but from its artistic treatment and careful finish, I could see that it was the work of some first-class man, and I resolved to make a round of the best photographic artists in town, and ascertain if any of them possessed the negative.

A little incident which occurred, however, relieved me of this undertaking.

Walking along Oxford Street with Howard, the day previous to our departure, my friend suddenly stopped before a shop window and pointing to a photograph, remarked in an off-hand way, "That is May Maynard who used to sing that catchy bit from 'La Nuit,' which you raved about in Scotland."

One glance at the face was sufficient. True the pose was not the same, the expression of the mouth was different—but those eyes! there was no mistake about them.

I marched into the shop to make a purchase.

"Who is this May Maynard?" I asked indifferently, holding up her photograph.

"Oh, she's not acting now, sir; been off for five or six months. Pity, too, for she was taking well."

"Is she off the stage altogether?"

"Believe so, sir. She played 'Lucie' in 'La Nuit,' and was just beginning to take immense when there was some row, and she has never appeared since."

"Had she been long in the opera?"

"No, sir, no; second piece only, I believe. But she had a lovely voice and

acted tip-top, sir." My young friend was getting enthusiastic.

"But where is she now?" I asked impatiently, little thinking of the absurdity of the question.

"Don't know, sir; haven't heard. Think she must be off the boards altogether."

Howard came in at this moment to ask if I were about to buy up half the place, so, hastily selecting three or four different photographs of my mysterious and accomplished friend, I left the shop.

How I now cursed the ill-luck which necessitated my departure for America. Had it not been for Howard, I should at the last moment have broken off all my plans and stayed in London. But my friend I could not disappoint, so we left the next day.

Across the Atlantic, through Canada, over the States, down into Mexico, we spent ten weeks in a tour through North America. I can hardly say I enjoyed the trip, for all the time I was longing to get back to England, when I might unravel that mystery which now seemed almost part of myself. Howard, however, was in great spirits. He had fairly regained his strength, and as we rolled on towards New York on our homeward journey, he gained the friendship of all in the car with his genial good-humour and never-failing stories of adventure.

He had just been relating, in his racy, jovial fashion, some escapade of his early



days, when we were startled by a shrill blow from the engine whistle, followed by a loud crash, and a shock which sent us sprawling into one another's arms. Fortunately we were in the end car, and except a rough shaking and some slight bruises, none of us were any the worse for the accident.

Jumping out, we saw, however, that matters elsewhere were more serious. We saw in a moment what had happened. The couplings of a heavy goods train in front of us had apparently given way in running up a slight incline, and the loaded cars, thus free, had slipped back with ever increasing speed, and, after a run of fully a mile, had crashed into us as we sped along. Our engine was thrown from the rails, and the two front cars overturned and shattered. That no lives were lost seemed almost miraculous, yet as far as we could see, all were safe.

Suddenly a flame shot up from the wreck, and a cry was raised that some passengers were buried beneath the *debris*. With a will we set at work to rescue. A boy was extricated with a broken arm, and an old lady was discovered in an unconscious state, though apparently not seriously injured. A middle-aged man, evidently English, was then found—dead, the only fatality unless those flames refused to be conquered.

Two more men were discovered, and we thought the work of rescue was over, when a moan was heard from beneath a heap of shattered timber, which the flames were quickly seizing.

I caught sight of a woman's dress, and with renewed vigour pulled aside the mass of broken woodwork which imprisoned the moaning captive. The heat was intense. I felt my strength failing, and it was with an almost superhuman effort that I raised and threw aside the last piece of timber. A pale, lovely, girlish face was turned towards me, while two deep dark blue eyes gazed into mine.

"*May Maynard!*" I gasped, seizing her hand, while I seemed to tremble from head to foot.

"Yes, yes!" the girl cried, still keeping her eyes fixed on me; "save me, quick; I am blind!"

*Blind!* Great Heavens! That girl blind; those lustrous eyes sightless! My brain whirled at the thought. I knelt paralysed, hardly believing that this ad-

venture was anything but a dream. A shout from above, warning me of the flames, awakened me to my senses, and I raised the fair form in my arms. Her head dropped on my shoulder, the colour faded from her lips, the eyelids closed over those beautiful blind eyes—she had swooned.

\* \* \* \*

Last week I was married to Miss Marion Maynard, otherwise known as "*May Maynard*" of brief theatrical fame. My wife is superintending the closing paragraphs of my tale, as they concern her and her alone.

Her sad story, which I did not learn till about six months after the New York catastrophe, was briefly as follows:—Left an orphan at sixteen, she was entrusted to the care of an impecunious uncle, who, recognising her talents, resolved to train her for the stage. The idea seemed brilliant to the young girl, and she readily agreed, appearing for the first time in London before she was nineteen. Stage life, however, became distasteful to her, and had it not been for her uncle's threats, she would have retired altogether. After little more than a year's practice, she was offered the leading part in a new opera which was about to be introduced. This offer, she was compelled by her uncle to accept. "*La Nuit*," as the opera was called, turned out a great success, the hit of the play being the "*Lucie*" of May Maynard.

Honours were showered upon her, and night after night she was beset by young men of every stamp, all aspiring to her hand. Everyone spoke highly of the young actress.

Evil came, however, in the form of a wealthy nobleman's son, to whom it appeared her uncle had actually offered her in marriage for a large sum of money. This young profligate had all along been most persistent in his advances, and at the same time was about the most detested of Miss Maynard's suitors. The girl hated this man, and threats and entreaties were alike of no avail to induce her to marry him. She was then shamefully and cruelly ill-used by her uncle, till unable to bear it longer, she hurriedly broke off her engagement at the theatre, and fled to Scotland.

It was when there, sheltered secretly by an honest shepherd, that she first met



me that memorable October afternoon. She refuses to permit me to relate how she saved me, but asks me to state that when I was precipitated over the cliff, my note-book fell from my pocket, scattering the photographs right and left. It was on the impulse of the moment that she hurriedly took my likeness, and put in its place the one which I now have before me. Fearing detection, she left the district two days after my accident, and shortly afterwards fell again into the hands of her uncle.

For three weeks she was kept a close prisoner, but once more succeeded in escaping, and took passage for America.

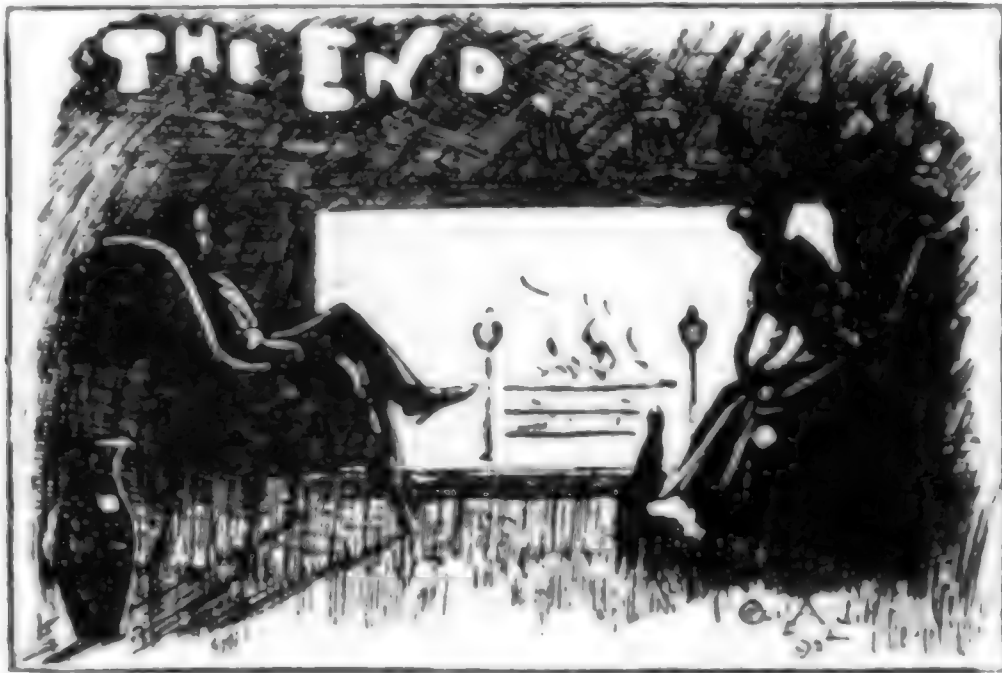
It was on the journey out that her sight began to get seriously impaired—the result, she thought, of an accident on the stage. Battling with this grievous enemy, she faced life in the States, and managed to procure a humble living by her voice and acting talents. Her eyes grew quickly worse, however, and when six or seven months later she was

followed by her irate uncle, he found, not the brilliant London beauty, but only a poor blind girl.

The rest of my story needs no telling. Miss Maynard's blindness was much less serious than mine, and through Howard's skill, her eyes are no longer a mockery but a reality. Her uncle's death at that railway disaster was a terrible shock at first, but with altered circumstances, and in a new sphere of life, she now looks at it as a page in the past.

We are spending our honeymoon at the McNevis Arms Hotel, and have just visited a familiar spot which I had never seen before, but the recollection of which was as vivid in my mind as if I had never had my eyes off it. Next week we leave again for America, where I shall guide my wife to a spot painfully memorable to her, and yet one on which she has never been privileged to gaze.

May those two scenes, so tragically momentous in our lives, never fade from our minds.



# THE MYSTERIOUS BROTHERHOOD

BY  
HUBERT GRAYLE



## CHAPTER I.

**H**OW my power first made itself manifest I scarcely remember. The first absolutely distinct sign of the gift which has been man's most earnest desire from time immemorial—the god-like power of willing what one desires and having that will obeyed—came to me when I was serving in Hindcostan under the East India Company. I had gone out as surgeon on board the *Hoogly*, one of the finest sailing vessels owned by the Company. We arrived safely at Calcutta after an uneventful passage of some four months.

There we heard that cholera was raging fearfully in the interior and that the 25th Foot Regiment of the Company, stationed at Burhampore, was decimated by the dreaded scourge. The surgeon and his two assistants had been carried

off and the regiment was without medical aid. Owing to the prevalence of the epidemic, all the doctors that could possibly be spared from the city had already gone to render their aid in the afflicted districts, so I volunteered to proceed to Burhampore and look after the poor fellows of the 25th. My offer was promptly accepted, and in twenty-four hours I was on my way north.

Here, perhaps, it would be well for me to give a short account of my past life. I was called Charles after my father and was at this time just thirty years of age. My father, the Rev. Charles Crawley, had been dead five years. My mother died soon after I was born. I had only one near relation in the world—my brother, Godfrey, who was two years older than myself; he had been brought up to the Church and had succeeded my father to the living of Somersham, North Devon. Between my brother and myself there existed an affection as deep and lasting as it is rare. I had always looked up to him as my natural protector. We shared our childish pleasures together, and at school we were always found in the same scrapes, and, in a word, were quite inseparable.

As we grew towards manhood, our different studies caused us to spend most of our time apart, but during our vacations we invariably returned to the Rectory, finding an enhanced pleasure in meeting after our enforced absences from each other. So things went on quietly until I had taken my medical degree, when, better to gain experience, it was decided between my brother and myself that I should accept the offer of



an old friend of our father's, who acted as our mentor and guardian, and make a voyage to the East before settling down to practise in England.

Our boyish affection for each other had calmed down to the deep and enduring love of manhood. We were neither of us obtrusive or gushing in our manner towards each other, but each knew that the one would lay down his life for the other.

Why I dwell thus lengthily on this subject will be seen hereafter and may account for the bringing forth of my dormant faculty, and but for which might never have been called into being. Up to our parting our lives had been uneventful; we had both taken pleasure in our respective callings: he as a clergyman and I in medicine. In reading for my medical examinations I had devoured eagerly all the books that had come in my way which in any degree related to chemistry or medicine, and had carried my studies far deeper than was usual amongst my fellow students.

When my father died he left his fortune to be divided equally between my brother and myself, so that, for young men, we were both comfortably off.

When I arrived at Burhampore I found more than half the regiment down with cholera; my efforts to arrest the progress of the fell disease for a time appeared useless. I scarcely had time to think about sleep; for weeks I had to get what rest I could at such odd hours as I was able to. But after awhile the virulence of the epidemic wore

itself out, and my efforts began to show more satisfactory results. Fewer cases of attack were reported day by day, and many of the invalids were now on their legs again; but dozens of poor fellows had passed away, and at roll-call scarcely half of the full force answered to their names.

Nearly two months had passed since my arrival, and during the whole time my own health had been excellent; but the past few weeks had told upon me—my constitution was undermined by my repeated calls on it, and the climate was telling on me. I tried hard to hold out, but in a few days I was on my back with an attack of fever. For days I was delirious, and when consciousness returned I felt it would be many days before I could be about again.

It was at this period that I first experienced clearly the hidden power within me, and of which I had had glimmerings at one or two previous moments in my life.

I was lying half dozing in my hammock, my mind roving over the various inci-

dents of my recent life, when I fell to thinking of my brother in the old rectory at Somersham.

I pictured him to myself engaged in his daily round of parish duties, and wondered how he was; then the wish came into my thoughts of how I should like to see him. This wish seemed to focus itself in my brain, dwelling there to the exclusion of all else. Presently I felt my consciousness fading into oblivion, and the next moment I awoke to find myself fleeting through space. Below me ap-



ENGAGED IN PARISH DUTIES.

peared mountains and valleys, rivers and towns; above me the blue vault of heaven. I was free from all bodily pain; my mind was singularly clear, and I experienced a sense of freedom from all movement.

The scene below me was perfectly clear in all its details, appearing like a vast moving panorama. In less time than these few words take me to write, I saw beneath me my old home; and there in his study was my brother, leaning back in his armchair. I was in the room with him.

I spoke to him, my words seeming to pass from my thoughts without verbal utterance; and he answered me in the same way.



I WAS IN THE ROOM WITH HIM.

I asked him how he was and told him what I had been doing and of my illness and convalescence. His replies were perfectly distinct. He told me of his life since our parting, and that he had not yet received my letter announcing my arrival at Calcutta and my departure for Burhampore. Up to this period of our conversation, if such it can be termed, my mind kept perfectly clear; but now a haze or dizziness seemed to overtake me, and his last few words were unintelligible.

When I regained consciousness I was lying in my hammock, my head enveloped with a damp bandage and a strong smell of some pungent odour in my nostrils. I did not notice at first that anyone was present, but as I made a slight movement a hand was placed on my shoulder and I was desired to lie still.

Turning my eyes in the direction of the voice, I saw, standing at my side, a man of singularly striking presence. He was dressed in the native costume of a man of position—a loose tunic of native-spun silk, girdled at the waist with an em-



A MAN OF SINGULARLY STRIKING PRESENCE.



broidered scarf, baggy trousers of the same or some similar material, and on his head a turban of dark yellow silk covered with jewels. But what struck me most at that moment was his face. It was not the swarthy, sun-burnt complexion and black hair common to the natives of the country, but the skin was fair, the hair a light brown, curling where it showed round the temples, with beard, whiskers and moustache of the same colour. The eyes, however, were the chief attraction; they were of that intense deep shade of

returning animation he had despatched my servant to his dwelling for some stimulant he had there, and meantime I had come to myself. He then desired me to lie quietly and await my servant's return.

I felt very languid and weak, more so than I had done for some days; my ideas seemed scattered, my mind wandered from the stranger to my brother and the recollections of my interview with him which I had just passed through. I was too confused to dissect my own feelings.

Within a few minutes Ali returned, and the stranger, taking the vial which he had brought, poured out a small portion in my medicine glass, which he took from a bambootable near my side; he then added some water and, raising my head with his hand, made me drink the mixture. When I had done so, he bade me lie down and sleep, saying he would visit me in the morning to ascertain how I was progressing.

The draught he gave me caused me almost imme-

diately to fall into a profound and dreamless slumber, from which I did not awake until late the next morning. When I opened my eyes, the first object they rested on was the stranger. He was seated in my canvas chair talking in Hindoostanee to Ali. I felt better than I had done since I was first laid up with the fever—my blood seemed to course through my veins with all its old vitality, the fever had quite left me and the feeling of lassitude which one experiences after a lengthened illness had disappeared.

I raised myself on my elbow to see if my strength was recovered equal to my spirits, and in doing so attracted the attention of the stranger. He rose from his seat and approached to my side.



"DO YOU FEEL BETTER?"

blue which at times appears to be almost black.

As I lay in my hammock gazing at him my astonishment must have shown itself in my face, for, smiling at me, he said in purest English, "Do you feel better?"

This increased my amazement, as, stammering out my thanks for his enquiries, I asked him if he had been long there and where my servant Ali had gone to.

He replied that he had been approaching my tent about an hour ago, when my servant rushed out and, seeing him, had told him I had fainted away and that he was unable to rouse me and begged him to come in. As soon as I gave signs of

"I am happy to see you are so much better," he said; "let me help you down from your hammock."

He offered me his hand, which I shook heartily, and thanking him for his kindness I availed myself of his aid to get down. He appeared in no hurry to leave me, as, leading me to the seat he had just vacated, he brought up a camp-stool and sat down near me.

My curiosity as to who this man was and why he took such an interest in me was now so aroused that it got the better of my politeness.

I desired Ali to prepare the mid-day meal and begged my visitor to stay and partake of it with me; he accepted my invitation with evident pleasure.

As soon as Ali was out of hearing, I remarked that it was seldom that a native of India spoke my native tongue with such fluency.

"I am not a native of this country," he replied, "although, perhaps, my dress might lead you to think so; I was born in Norway. However, let me introduce myself properly: my name is Harold Thornwal; I am Norwegian by birth and cosmopolitan by nature; and now pray tell me of yourself. That you are Doctor Charles Crawley I learned from your servant, Ali. You have not been long in India, have you?"

I told him of my experiences since my arrival at Calcutta up to my being stricken down with fever; but I did not mention the dream, hallucination, or whatever it was, in which I had held communion with my brother.

During our conversation I asked him what was the sleeping draught he had given me the previous evening, as its effects were so pronounced and beneficent I should like to know the prescription.

He took a note-book from his breast and, tearing out a leaf, wrote it down and handed it to me.

Most of the ingredients were known to me, but there were three named of which I had never heard, although, as I have said before, I had gone deeper into the studies of my profession than was usual. I remarked of these three unknown drugs that I was totally unacquainted with them and that they did not appear, as far as I could remember, in any pharmacopœia.

"Very likely not," replied Mr. Thorn-

wal; "they are vegetable products not at present obtainable in the ordinary ways of commerce, their properties being unknown except to a very few, and, moreover, they are not at all common in nature. I will, however, let you have some of the prescription already prepared, which will save you the trouble of hunting for them."

This was not quite what I desired, as my thirst for information in all that appertained to my profession, made me wishful of obtaining all the knowledge I was able to on such matter.

"Perhaps," continued Mr. Thornwal, "when we know each other more intimately I may show you how to obtain them yourself. In the combination you had of them in the mixture I gave you they simply form a perfect sedative to the mind and body. One of the three drugs, however, by itself is so potent that even the slightest portion would throw anyone taking it into a sleep from which he would never awake."



POURED OUT A PORTION.



Ali here announced that our refreshment was ready, thus interrupting the conversation which possessed such interest for me.

Mr. Thornwal eat but sparingly, and refused all my invitations to take wine or any other beverage but water.

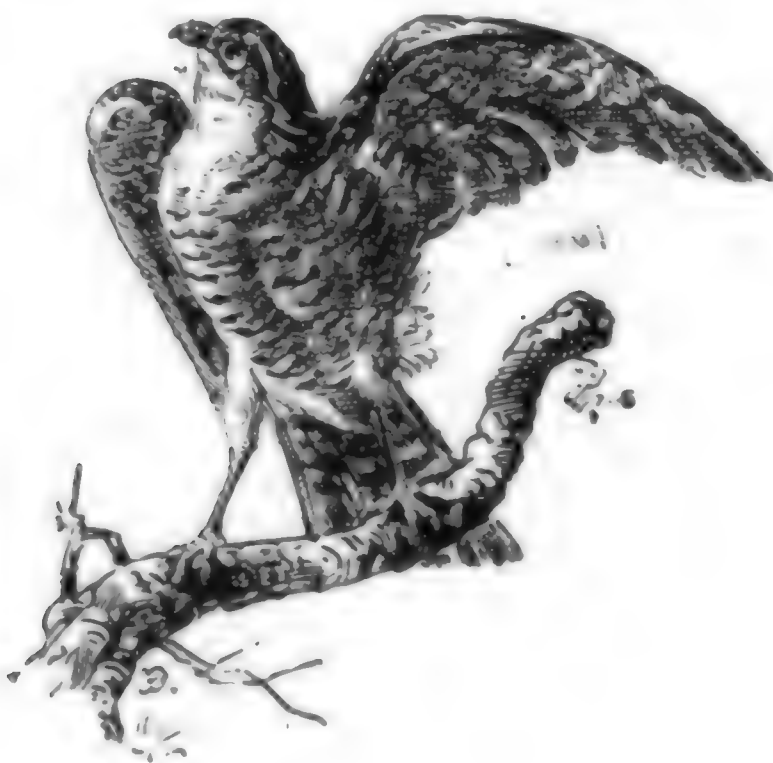
During our meal my visitor showed a most intimate knowledge of men and cities; he appeared to have travelled through nearly every country on the globe and to have studied deeply, into the secrets of nature.

In the science of chemistry, which had such charms for me, he was far and away my master. Animal magnetism, which to me had always appeared as simply a cloak for charlatans to hide their ignorance and dupe their hearers, was with him a proved science. And when I expressed my disbelief of the possibilities of one man subjecting another to his will, he startled me by quietly saying :

" You have the power yourself, but you do not know how to cultivate the use of it. It was this power that brought me to visit you. Whether you ever exercise

that power or not rests with you. It is permitted to few, indeed, to arrive at the summit of that knowledge which renders mankind subject to him who possesses it. Life itself, as measured by our human standard, is too short to acquire all the truths deep hidden in nature's bosom, so, to the true student of nature, nature herself gives the requisite forces for sustaining the vitality necessary to ward off the decay of old age, which would put an end to his researches. The members of this mysterious brotherhood are few; I am the youngest. The master has deputed me to visit you, and if you wish to enter the noviciate you will have to renounce all your ambitions of your present career and divide yourself from all worldly ties, and give yourself up to my teachings. Go about your work as usual, and ponder deeply over what I have said, and I will come to you, wherever you may be, three months hence from to-day for your answer."

*(To be completed next month.)*





**T**HE country town over which Kitty and Nelly held sway, in the unavoidable absence of Her Gracious Majesty, was a prey to much excitement a little time ago.

It takes a great deal to really rouse a Devonshire town. The sleepy atmosphere has a good deal to do with this. In Devonshire the voices of men and women become hushed and subdued, and their minds partake of the lethargy of their voices.

Of all places in the world, commend me to Devonshire for a holiday.

It was no trifle, like a General Election or Foreign War, that interested O——; it was something far more important, to wit—Burglary. Such a thing had not been known in the neighbourhood for years, so that several of the more bucolic inhabitants hardly knew the meaning of the word. Kitty and Nelly, however, were thoroughly versed in this, as in other crimes. In the innocence of my heart I had recommended the twins to undergo a course of novels, and the result was truly deplorable. I tried to educate their taste for style and diction, but they scoffed at me.

“Stupid people like you,” said Nelly—she really used these terrible words—“may like style—I like crimes.”

The fair and innocent sisters read of ghosts and artistic criminals till their one aim and object in life was to have personal experience of the one and the other.

“This house,” said Kitty to me one

day, “is a mistake: it is too new—there is not even a ghost. Now everyone knows that no family mansion is complete without at least one spectre.”

Nelly thought over the matter and her blue eyes grew moist.

“It is all the fault of our grandfather,” murmured she sadly. “Why, oh, why, did he insist upon making all his money out of tallow and oil? Fancy the ghost of one’s deceased ancestor, with a candle in one hand and a lamp in the other, groaning, ‘Try So-and-So’s superfine Candles, best and cheapest, once used always used.’”

A ghost was clearly out of the question. A crime alone remained, and upon this the twins were determined. I believe that they would have insisted upon my doing something in defiance of law and order but for the truly fortunate burglary to which I have referred.

It may be as well to give the original story at once, if only to illustrate the manner in which a simple affair becomes distorted in this wicked world.

There was a good lady of mature years, the widow of a well-to-do farmer, living in a pleasant little cottage about a hundred yards out of the town.

One evening, shortly after sunset, as she was sitting at supper in her room, yclept “parlour,” a violent knock was given upon her house door. Supposing the visitor to be a neighbour, the old lady went to the door, but, much to her surprise, found no one outside. While hesitating on the doorstep, she heard a



sound in her parlour; thereupon, with a presence of mind which was afterwards much praised, she sat down, put her apron over her head and screamed.

No one knows quite how long she remained thus—she said several hours, but this must be received with caution.

At last assistance arrived in the shape of a farm labourer, and, on entering the parlour, it was found that a loaf of bread,

generally corrupted the good woman's hitherto innocent mind.

The story of the burglary rushed through the town, gaining like a snowball as it moved. It was the great topic of conversation for days. The matter was discussed over the teacups of rich and poor, argued at the public houses and commented upon in all the shops.

The local organ of public opinion, *The O—— Gazette and Western Advertiser*—certified to have the largest circulation in the district—had a long account. The burglar was declared, in large print, to have menaced the old lady with a hatchet in one hand and a pitchfork in the other.

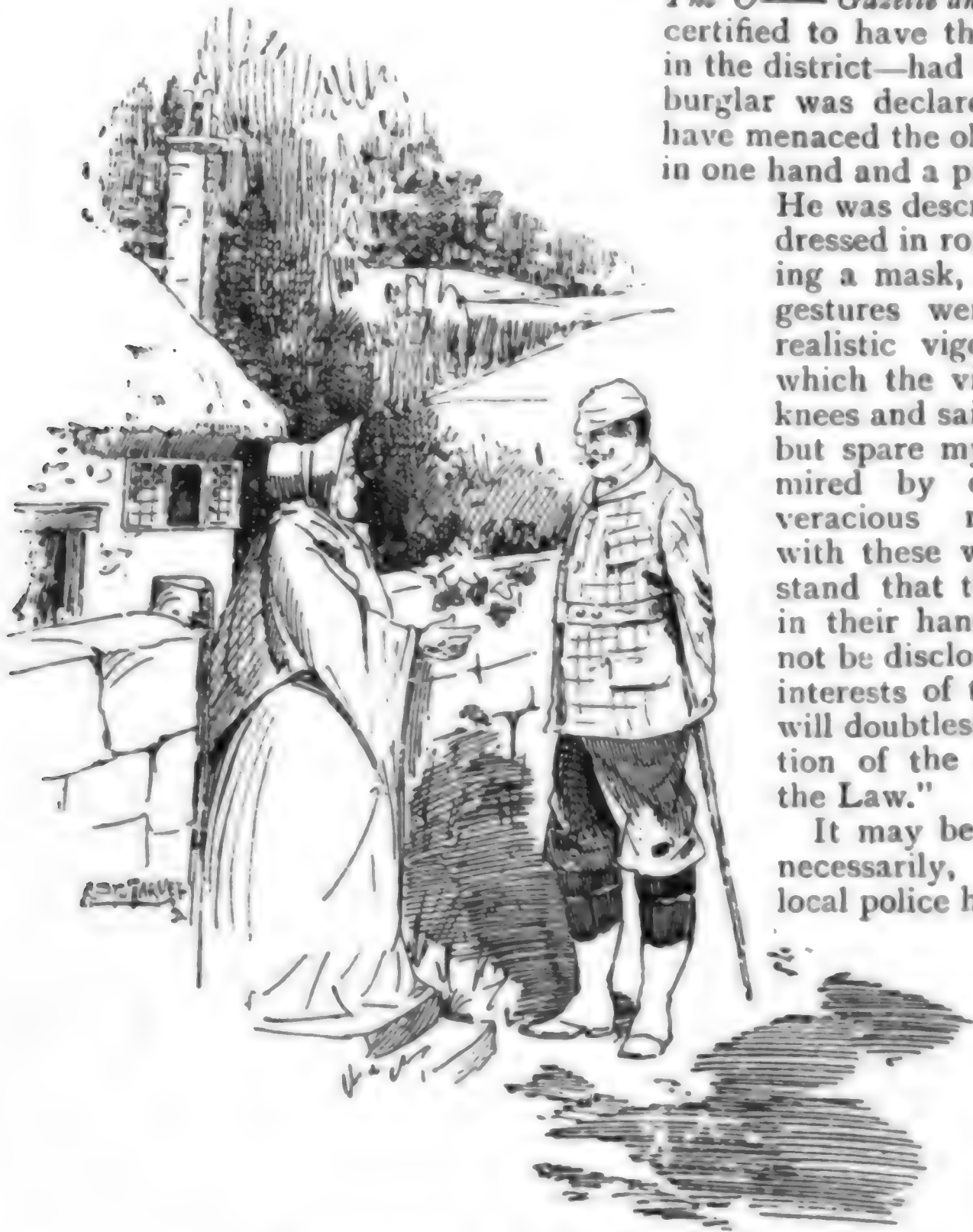
He was described as having been dressed in rough clothes and wearing a mask, and his words and gestures were reproduced with realistic vigour. The scene in which the victim sank upon her knees and said: "Take all I have but spare my life," was much admired by connoisseurs. This veracious narrative concluded with these words:—"We understand that the local police have in their hands a clue, which will not be disclosed at present, in the interests of the public, but which will doubtless lead to the vindication of the outraged majesty of the Law."

It may be, perhaps rather unnecessarily, remarked that the local police had no clue to this or any other crime, and that the majesty of the Law still cries aloud for vindication.

This trivial burglary—this "one-horse" outrage—had a great effect upon my heroines.

They constituted themselves detec-

tives and made nuisances of themselves in the most approved manner. The wretched police went in fear and awe of them for days. These public guardians were two in number, an over-mature sergeant and an under-mature youth. Neither had the faintest knowledge of the heights to which detective science had risen—in fiction—and were utterly at the mercy of Kitty and Nelly. After a while they took



TOLD TO ME BY THE OLD LADY HERSELF.

half a pound of butter and a moderately-sized cheese had been abstracted, doubtless through the open window.

Such was the story as told to me the next morning by the old lady herself. Kitty and Nelly were wild with delight. They interviewed the heroine of the adventure, asked leading questions, made suggestions concerning the aspect of the villain whom no one had seen, and

to slinking down back streets and even going into public houses whenever the twins hove in sight. Nelly soon decided that the deed was the work of a gang of scientific burglars from London—a kind of preliminary canter over the course; and she prophesied that many sequels of a more enterprising character were imminent. Kitty agreed with this view, and together they worked out the theory.

One day we were seated at dinner. The brother was present, and so was the aunt. Some of my friends may remember that the aunt was firmly convinced that she was the House of Israel, or a lost tribe thereof, I know not which.

Said Nelly, in a voice which carried conviction with it:

"This house will be broken into in a few days."

The aunt screamed. The brother and I laughed.

"Oh, you may laugh," remarked Nelly grimly; "wait till you find yourselves murdered in your beds one morning."

I asked whether both would be done to death, or whether each would find the other *in articulo mortis*. To this frivolity no answer was vouchsafed. The aunt said that young ladies never talked of such low people as burglars when *she* was young. They ought not to know of the existence of such a profession.

I thought that an opportunity had arisen for a profitable disquisition. I said:

"Kitty and Nelly, lend me your ears. I come to bury the burglar, not to praise him. This fearful crime that you make so much of was probably the work of some half-starved deserter from Plymouth, or a tramp. There is a lack of artistic touch about the theft which convinces me that its perpetrator was an amateur. If, now, we had an instance of a really entertaining house-breaking, with all the paraphernalia of a melodrama, I might be interested, and you might study the matter with profit. Give up this poor, cheap concern, little girls, and hope for better fortune in the future."

My discourse was not without its effect. The twins sighed deeply, and looked sadly at one another and at me.

"If only," murmured Nelly, "we could have a real burglar in the house, how heavenly it would be."

I whistled long and low. "Perhaps, my dears," I said, "you may yet get a glimpse of the paradise that you desire."

A fortnight passed, in the course of which the town of O— settled down into its wonted state of somnolence. The burglary was relegated to the long list of "has-beens," and was hardly referred to, even by the fair sisters. I could see that their minds still brooded over the matter, from the class of literature that absorbed their attention.

When they first started novel reading as an educational course, I took care to select authors of standing and repute.



WITH A HATCHET IN ONE HAND  
AND A PITCHFORK IN THE OTHER.



For a few weeks all went well, but instead of their literary taste improving, as I expected, it got steadily worse. Now I was pained to see them devouring scores of American detective stories of a class which I was sure Messrs. Mudie did not encourage.

I believe the works were purchased in the market-place at a very small outlay.

It was in vain that I tendered my modest advice; for all reply I received the kind of answer quoted early in this history.

The bent of their minds may be illustrated by a remark of Kitty's:

"If we lived in the East, instead of this stupid England, I should clap my hands."

"What would be the use of that?" asked Nelly, in wonder.

"Don't you know? Why, of course, lots of slaves and—and—geniuses, or something, would come. They always used to come at once when they heard hands clapping. Then I should say, 'Bring me a burglar, never mind the expense.'"

"What a pity it is," remarked Nelly, "that we don't live in the East."

Kitty and Nelly little thought that that very evening would see their desires gratified.

About ten o'clock that evening the twins were sitting side by side in the drawing-room.

They always did sit side by side, generally each with an arm about the other's waist. They were alone.

The brother and I had gone out to dine with a bachelor friend, and the aunt had been afflicted by one of the many ailments which always seemed to hover around her, looking out for a favourable opportunity. She had, in consequence, retired to rest.

I do not wish to inflict upon my kind friends a lengthy description of Kitty and Nelly's mansion, but it is necessary to say one or two words regarding the position of the rooms.

Note, then, that the dining-room ran along the whole front of the house, and

opened by means of three French windows upon the lawn. Immediately above this room, and on the first floor, was the drawing-room. The majority of the bedrooms and servants' quarters were at the back, while the main entrance was at one side. It was consequently quite easy for a moderately-quiet person to enter the dining-room from the garden without being seen by anyone at the front door, or heard by anyone who was in any other room than the drawing-room.

Kitty and Nelly were in the drawing-room, talking. The house was very quiet.

Kitty had just told Nelly a ghost story of her own invention. It was so very thrilling that the nerves of both were a little strung. Kitty's stories were always thrilling.

Suddenly an unmistakable sound was heard in the dining-room below. It was the sound of a window opening.

Nelly clutched Kitty and whispered, "What's that?"

Kitty said nothing. She only shivered.

The noise continued, and shortly steps could be distinctly heard.

The minds of the sisters were

so impregnated with ghostly ideas that they did not realise at first what these sounds meant.

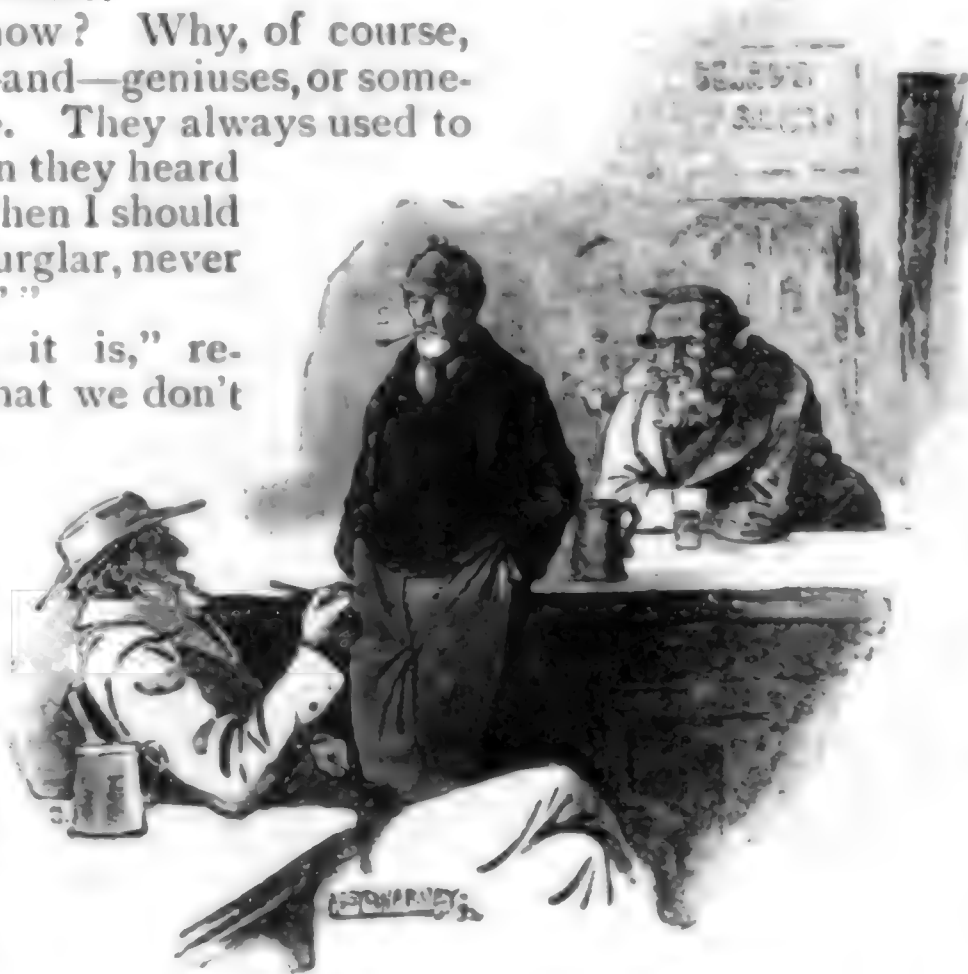
The steps moved about the dining-room for some minutes, and then all disturbance ceased.

At this juncture Nelly recovered some of her customary presence of mind.

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty," she murmured excitedly. "I know what it is. It's a BURGLAR!"

Kitty clung to Nelly; Nelly clung to Kitty. The situation was one which required grave thought, and no doubt the twins thought gravely.

In their anxiety for burglarious experi-



ARGUED AT THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

ences, they had not quite contemplated the possibility of having to beard a nightly visitant all by themselves. The lack of male assistance made the adventure less rose-coloured than it had appeared in anticipation.

Kitty and Nelly clung to one another and thought.

At length Nelly spoke. She tried to keep her voice from trembling, but it would do so in spite of her efforts. Voices will sometimes; even those of the bravest.

"Shall we—we—we see—e—who it is?"

Kitty thought not, but she didn't say so. Instead she remarked:

"Wou—ouldn't it be be—e—etter to open the wi—i—ndow and sc—c—cream."

Again silence. Nelly's courage began to return, probably because the dining-room continued quiet.

"I'm going downstairs," she said.

"I'm not," remarked Kitty with much decision.

"Yes, do; come along. We'll be ever so quiet and just go to the little door at the end of the room, the one with the curtain over it. The—the—burglar—won't see us, and I do want to see him ever so."

Kitty thought that burglars in the abstract were preferable to the concrete article, and offered objections.

"What if he catches us and kills us?"

This possibility was unpleasant. Nelly, however, was equal to the occasion.

"He'll catch us for certain if we stay here, so it will be safer to go. Besides, burglars don't kill people, because then they're hung—and burglars don't like being hung, at least, I suppose they don't," she added hastily, not wishing to be too dogmatic on the subject of the likes and dislikes of burglars.

With some trouble Kitty was persuaded, and the pair, with very pale faces, began cautiously to descend the staircase. It would creak so, that staircase. It creaked as if an earthquake was in progress. At each extra loud creak the twins stopped and trembled all over.

They reached the bottom somehow and stole silently to the door in question. This door stood half open, pressing

against the heavy curtains beyond. There was a gap some few inches wide where the curtain fell away, and through this Kitty and Nelly could get a clear view of the dining-room. The sight that met their startled vision nearly made them faint.

On the round table at which the family always dined stood a shaded lamp. Scattered round the lamp were dishes containing fruit, an opened bottle of wine and a box of cigars.

Seated at the table was a man: with a glass in his hand and a cigar in his mouth. On his head he wore a low-crowned

hat, and the upper part of his face was covered by a mask. Kitty and Nelly noticed that his lips and chin were clean shaven, and that he was wrapped in a dark cloak. His *tout ensemble* was that of a new character villain.

Kitty and Nelly glared at the Burglar with wide-open eyes.

The Burglar sipped his wine.

One of the sisters must involuntarily have made some sound, for the Burglar put down his glass, rose to his feet and came leisurely in their direction.



AN OVER-MATURE SERGEANT AND AN UNDER-MATURE YOUTH.





OR A TRAMP.

The twins tried to run away, but their feet were glued to the floor. They tried to scream, but sound came not; they could only glare.

As the terrible Being pulled away the curtain my poor heroines collapsed in a heap on the floor. They thought that their last moment had surely come.

The Burglar surveyed them and spoke thus: "Don't be frightened; I won't hurt you; come inside and talk to me."

His voice was curiously thick, but he spoke gently enough.

Kitty and Nelly began to recover a little: apparently they were not going to be cut in pieces just yet. The Burglar assisted them to their feet and led them to a sofa; then he resumed his old place at the table. Nelly observed that he moved the lamp so that his face was buried in shadow.

None of the strangely-assorted companions seemed in a hurry to start a conversation and the silence grew quite oppressive. Some one *must* begin, and

Nelly threw herself into the gap. Speaking in her best society manner, she remarked:

"Is it not a warm evening?"

"It is," said the Burglar.

"I am so pleased you found time to call."

The visitor stared at her in amazement, his nocturnal visits did not usually meet with approbation.

"I hope I have not frightened you," muttered he.

"Don't mention it, pray," said Nelly graciously. She was regaining her spirits and beginning to enjoy the situation. "I must confess we were startled at first, but no matter."

Kitty here thought that she would not be beaten by Nelly in courage.

"Have you burgled long?" asked she cheerfully.

The Burglar thought for a moment.

"About a dozen years."

"Is business pretty good?" proceeded Kitty, determined to show an intelligent interest in the visitor's affairs and thus set him at his ease.

"Sometimes it is. We get a run of good houses sometimes and do well, but trade is uncertain."

"Tell us about your life," said Nelly boldly. "We have wanted

so to meet a real burglar and to know all about him."

Thus abjured, the Burglar talked more freely.

"You may not think that I am a gentleman, but I am." Kitty and Nelly both murmured that they were sure he was. "I was well educated and, after some years of hard work, graduated at the Royal Burglars' College."

"What?" cried the twins in wondering surprise.

"Haven't you heard of it?" said the Burglar calmly. "Oh, yes, we have a college, just like the Doctors and the Parsons. It is very difficult to get into—I was ploughed several times."

Kitty and Nelly had never read of anything like this. It was splendid, and they became wildly interested.

"After I passed I started in business in London. My partner and I did pretty well, and got quite a first-class practice together. Unfortunately my partner was promoted to a Govern-

ment office at Portland. I then worked alone."

"Why, was he unfortunate?" asked Kitty innocently.

The Burglar smiled grimly.

"After I lost my partner I got desperate and practised surgery."

He observed their difficulty and enlightened them.

"So you have killed people," said Nelly in a horror-stricken voice; "and I thought you so nice; how could you?"

"Only one or two," said the Burglar cheerfully; "they would have died some other way if I hadn't."

Nelly was somewhat relieved at this.

"Please don't kill any more" she said; "I'm sure it cannot be right."

"I wonder," chimed in Kitty, "that you didn't kill us."

"Oh, you are much too pretty to kill."

What a very intelligent and discriminating burglar he was! Kitty and Nelly felt quite in love with him.

"Do you think," asked Nelly, "if we were very kind to you and persuaded you, that you would give up being a burglar?"

The visitor gulped, and his voice shook with emotion as he answered.

"I'd do anything to please you, my little dear."

Kitty did not at all like the turn things were taking.

At this moment the harmony of the meeting was disturbed by a violent ring at the bell. Kitty and Nelly sprang to their feet; so did the Burglar.

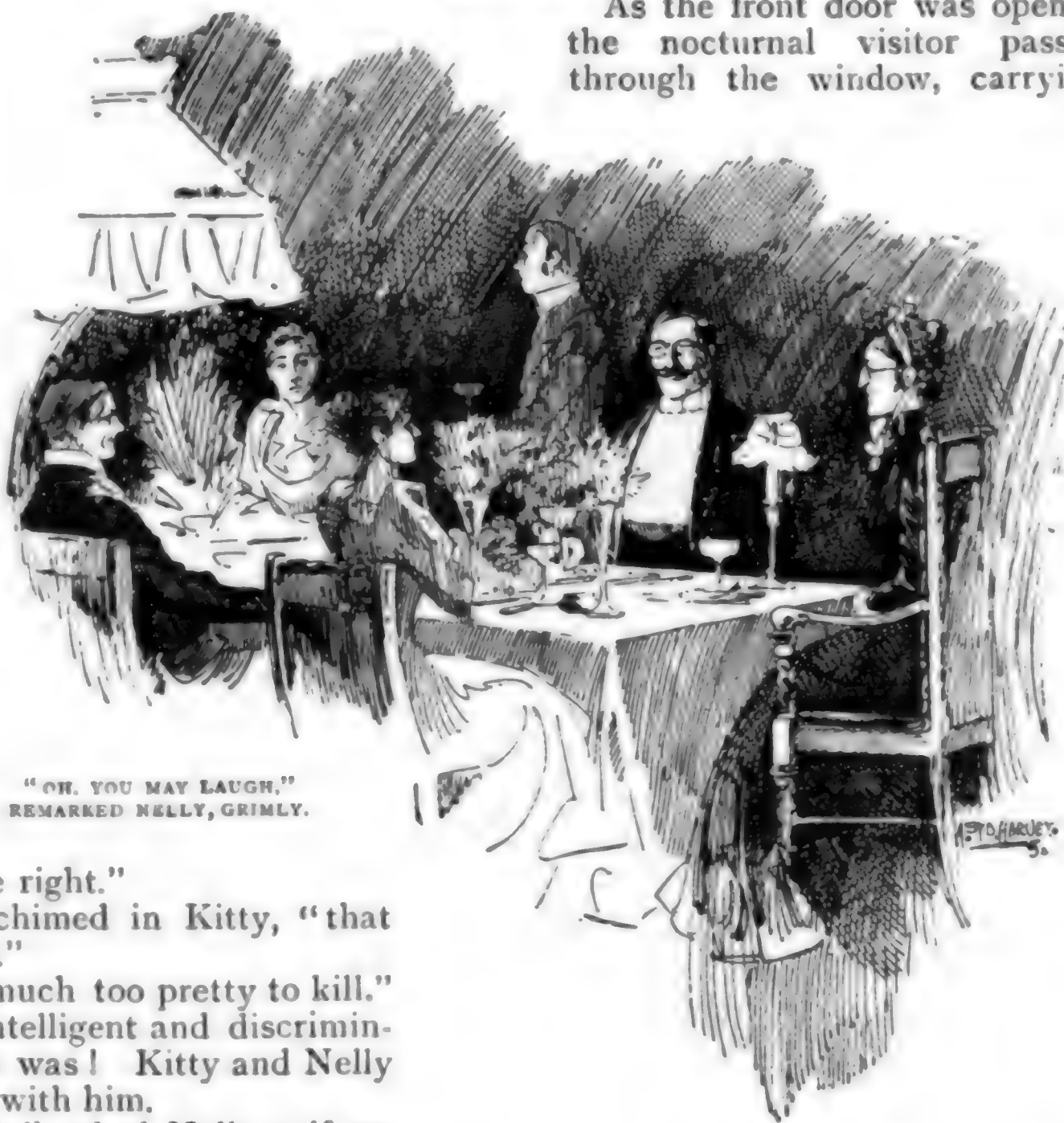
"There is my brother," cried Nelly; "he will be so glad to see you."

"Perhaps," muttered the Burglar, pulling his cloak around him and adjusting his hat, "but I sha'n't."

Kitty and Nelly entreated him to stop.

"No," said the burglarious one, "I'll go the way I came." And he moved towards the window.

As the front door was opened the nocturnal visitor passed through the window, carrying



"OH, YOU MAY LAUGH,"  
REMARKED NELLY, GRIMLY.

with him the sisters' final injunction "To be sure and call again."

\* \* \*

Many days have passed. The fame of the Burglar's visit has gone abroad and the twins are the envy of all men and women. They are getting intolerable. From morning till night we hear of nothing but burglars and their perfections.

If things go on like this I shall really have to confess that I was the Burglar.



# Young England at School.

## RUGBY.



CHAPEL.

OLD SCHOOL.

MASTER'S HOUSE.

NEW SCHOOL.

**T**HE name of Rugby is familiar to us all, not from its productions or its manufactures, but as one of the principal seats of learning in England, possessing one of the most famous of public schools.

Four years previous to the foundation of a "Free Grammar School" at Harrow, by John Lyon, in 1571, and when Shakspeare was but three years old and Mary Stuart a prisoner in Lochleven, a London grocer (in July, 1567), by name Lawrence Sheriffe, bequeathed by will £100, together with certain lands near his place of birth (Rugby, in Warwickshire), for the erection of almshouses and "to build a fayre and convenyent schoole house—that forever there should be a free grammar schoole kept within the said

schoole house, to serve strictly for the children of Rugby and Brownesover, and next for such as bee of other places thereunto adjoining." In the following sentence the most important points were laid down, "and that forever an honest, discrete, learned man should be chosen and appointed to teach grammar freely in the same schoole; and the same man, yf it may conveniently bee, to bee ever a Mr. of Art."

Five weeks later, and most fortunate for the School, this most generous tradesman visited Rugby and substituted for the bequest of £100, a legacy of eight acres of land in London, called the Conduit Close—in the vicinity of Lamb's Conduit Street, where the name still survives.



THE MUSEUM.

This change made material difference to the School, and its value has grown, as anyone might judge of property so importantly situated. The plot of land which at the founder's death yielded but £8 yearly, now produces an annual rental of over £5,000.

During its first century the life of Rugby School was not free from troubles. Early in the sixteenth century the legacy of the pious founder was in great danger, the lands left for founding Rugby School were partially in the hands of two trustees,

and partly occupied at a nominal rent by the founder's nearest relatives, a sister and brother-in-law, named Howkins. The grocer, however, was unfortunate in both selections, as the relatives appropriated part, and one trustee the balance of what the founder had bequeathed for public charities. The law, however, was appealed to, and it was only after long legal proceedings, that the lands were finally reclaimed, and a full restitution of arrears was made.

About the last year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a complaint was laid before the Privy Council, concerning the actions of a local magnate, Edward Broughton, whose family was in favour with the renowned Earl of Leicester, and who it was alleged, besides packing juries, oppressing neighbours, and being a "boulsterer and mayntainer of evell men and evell causes," made a raid one day and "with divers others in his companye, riotouslye



INTERIOR OF SCHOOL CHAPEL.



and contrary to justice, made a forcible entry into the scoole of Rugby, and from thence hathe removed with stronge hande and displaced one Richard Steele, being quietlie possessed of the same for the space of eightene monethes before."

Such were the state of things in the first hundred years; but the second began under decidedly better auspices—the lands were fully secured, and twelve trustees appointed to administer the charity.

For a hundred years Rugby was indeed tame, and the average entries from 1675 to 1750 were only about eleven boys per annum; but an important work in the latter year was the removal of the school from its old site—where we are told the boys' playground was amongst the graves in the churchyard—to its present position at the south end of the town.

In 1780 a long lease of the London lands expired, and after receiving only £60 per annum for the previous forty-three years, their funds were greatly increased when they re-let at £1,880 yearly.

At this time the trustees were fortunate in having among their body such a devoted and experienced person as Sir John Eardly Wilmot, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who, in 1777, in view of the approaching advance of their income, was the means of passing an act through Parliament (17 Geo. III., cap. 71), placing the trustees' control of the estate on a more satisfactory basis, providing for the permanence of their body and, in a schedule, giving general directions for the future administration of the school. This Act is termed the Second Great Charter of Rugby; Lawrence Sheriffe's naturally was first, and the Public School Act of 1868 the third. Everything necessary is

here ordained, and, according to the schedule of 1777, the master, assisted by one or more ushers, taught Grammar, Latin and Greek, with a master to teach writing and all branches of arithmetic—the head-master's salary to be £400, ushers' £80 and writing-master £40, with eight exhibitions to the Universities of the value of £40 a-year for seven years.

Excepting for a short period at the beginning of the eighteenth century, probably in consequence of the French War, the school grew rapidly, and in 1814 for the first time did the boys number over a hundred. Nothing important beyond its steady development and increase of income occurred until 1828, when

Thomas Arnold succeeded Dr. Wooll.

Dr. Arnold made great changes, and was the first to introduce Modern History into public schools, and prizes to encourage work, with regular school examinations. He established the tudor system and the regular half-



MAIN ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL (FROM THE TOWN).

yearly reports. To increase the influence of the masters in the School, he gave them the boarding-houses when vacant, and gradually extirpated the "dames."

These are but a few of the benefits derived from Dr. Arnold's administration, and space will not admit of dealing fully with his good work at Rugby; suffice it to say that his name will ever be remembered as one of the main "pillars" of the School. Dr. Tait succeeded Dr. Arnold in 1842, but his rule, which only lasted eight years, was without any great mark, excepting his introduction to Rugby of such a splendid teacher as Mr. Bradley, afterwards head-master of Marlborough, and subsequently master of Oxford University.

Dr. Goulburn, afterwards Dean of Norwich, was very unfortunate, and under

his rule the School went from five hundred strong to below three hundred. Dr. Goulburn was a kind-hearted and eloquent preacher, but during his term of office all schools had a bad time of it, more or less, consequent to the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny. Dr. Goulburn's energy failed him and he therefore resigned. His name is kindly remembered for the valuable addition he made to the

scribed sufficient money to build a new quadrangle, containing a music school, drawing school, two science lecture rooms, electricity and chemistry room, and six classical schools. The chapel was enlarged, and a gymnasium contemplated.

Dr. Temple, however, did not rule when these works were finished, as he was succeeded, in 1870, by Dr. Hayman, whose

### RUGBY SCHOOL CRICKET ELEVEN (1892).



W. C. KISLINGBURY.	P. W. NICKALLS.	P. IEE.	D. CHRISTOPHERSON.
A. O. DOWSON.	S. SLATER.	P. F. WARNER	P. W. NICHOLLS.
	A. E. SLATER.	(Captain).	T. H. SAMPLE.

ground at the back of the Close, by surrendering rights which, as head-master, he was entitled to.

Dr. Temple was appointed master in 1858, and previous to his appointment as Bishop of Exeter, he made himself a name that will long last in the hearts of all true Rugbeians.

Dr. Temple's twelve years' rule was as full of reform as was Arnold's. In 1867 the 300th anniversary was marked by the united efforts of the masters, who sub-

unfortunate reign of only four years caused the greatest of anxiety, and his disastrous rule ended when Dr. Jex Blake undertook the mastership in 1874.

Dr. Jex Blake had a most successful reign, and brought the school to the greatest period of peace.

Dr. Blake having at heart the health of the boys, made great improvements in the sleeping accommodation, to prevent overcrowding; and his munificent



gift, at his own cost, of a swimming bath in the school close, still stands to his memory.

Dr. John Percival, LL.D., from Clifton College, the present master, succeeded Dr. Jex Blake, and has made himself most popular with the governing body and the pupils at the school, who now number about five hundred.

There are at Rugby eight large houses, capable of accommodating over sixty boarders each, and all under one system, as far as general regulations.

Each boy, on his joining, has to undergo a thorough medical examination, and any apparent weaknesses are watched with the greatest care during his stay at the school.

The first term of a pupil at Rugby costs about £45, and the subsequent terms about £38. As at Harrow and our other schools, athletic games are compulsory at Rugby: though the student can indulge in any branch he may prefer; cricket and football are naturally, in turn, the favourite sports; though each and every form of athletic exercise has its followers.

House-and-House matches are played weekly at football, and inter-school contests are looked forward to with the greatest interest. School cricket, of course, is the favourite summer pastime, and the annual contest at Lord's with Marlborough is the red letter of the year.

The past season's engagement was decided the 27th and 28th of July in delightfully fine weather, and though the attendance fell short of previous years, those fortunate enough to have been present during the whole match witnessed some of the finest cricket played at Lord's by schoolboys for a very long period.

Our group is the actual Eleven that represented Rugby on that occasion, and though they were completely out-classed, they were not at all disgraced.

In this eventful match the Marlburians surprised us by the play of two promising young batsmen, P. R. Creed and W. Mortimer, who not only made the magnificent scores of 211 and 106 respectively in the same innings, but scored three records, viz:— Highest individual score in this inter-school contest; first time two boys have made treble figures in the same innings; and their total, 432, ranks the highest score made in the fixtures between these schools.

For Rugby, A. E. Slater played a capital not-out innings of 66, and A. O. Dowson compiled a neatly-executed 76.

The Rugbeians are fortunate in having such a good exponent of the game for their professional as Tom Emmett, the famous Yorkshire cricketer.

W. C. SARGENT

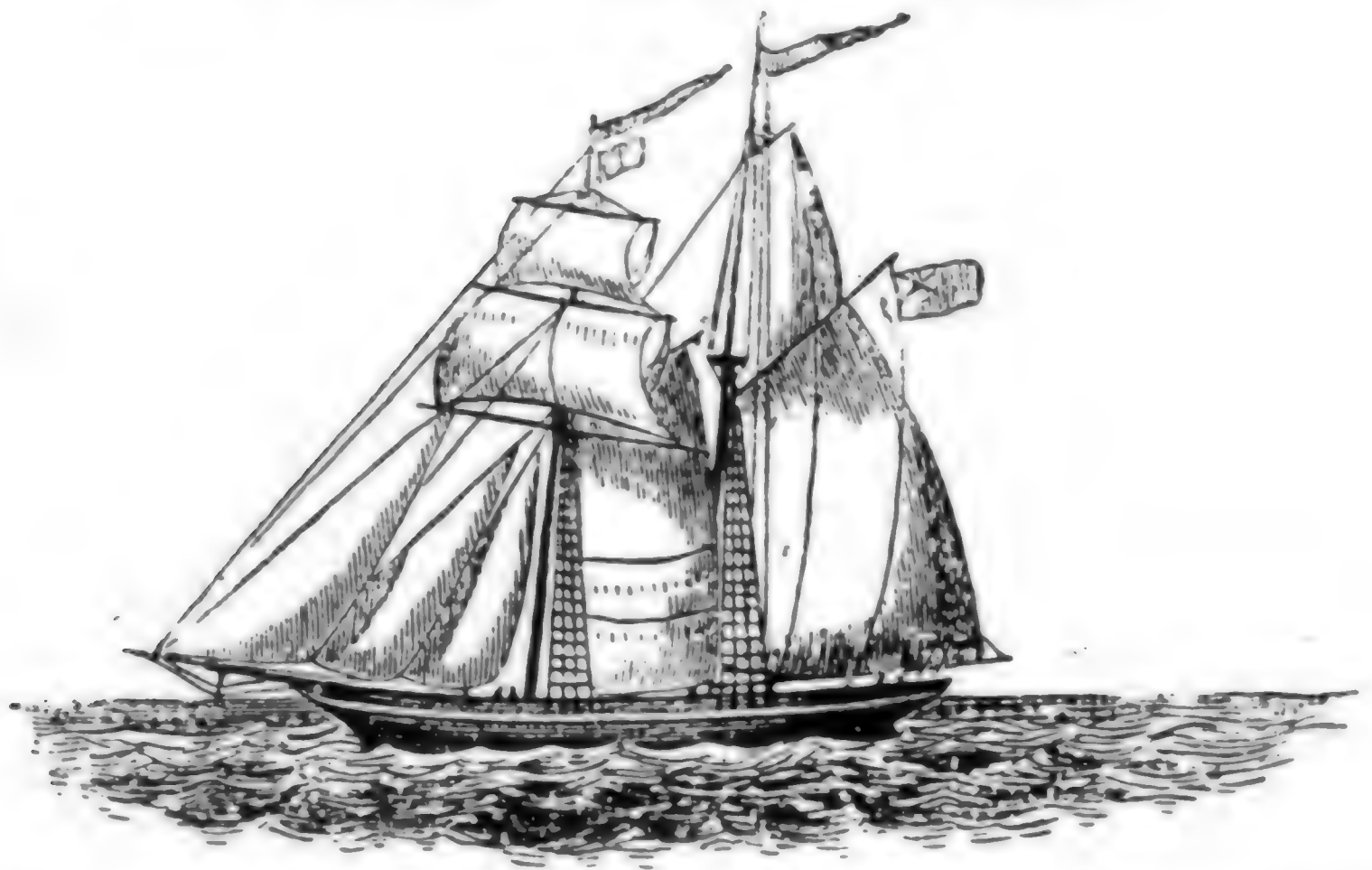


OLD SCHOOL AND HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE.

# Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

## No. 1.—"THE GIPSY QUEEN."



**C**APTAIN TOM HOLYBONE was a typical salt of the olden days, as different from the present generation of sailors as can well be imagined. In Tom's time, and Tom was now near seventy-five years of age, vessels had to depend on their sails and the winds of Heaven for their means of locomotion, and the crew, from the skipper to the foremast hands, had to be seamen, every inch of them.

Tom had run away to sea when he was somewhere about fifteen years old and had worked himself up by sheer force of character from cabin-boy to captain, or as he used to put it, he had gone in at the hawse-hole and come out of the cabin door.

Captain Holybone had retired from the sea about fifteen years now, not because he was tired of his work or felt age coming on, but through an accident

which necessitated the loss of a leg. Now Tom found a wooden leg gave him much inconvenience in climbing up and down his narrow cabin stairs, to say nothing of the unreliability of the same leg in a gale of wind, when his ship's decks were lying over at an angle of forty-five degrees; so with the same stern purpose which had so far carried him through life, he determined to retire before he was washed overboard or broke his neck.

So he bought a little cottage in his native village of Diphham, a tiny hamlet on the Devonshire coast close to Sidmouth; here he rigged up the rooms as much like a ship's cabin as you can well conceive. He fitted them with the same style of furniture he had been accustomed to during his sea life—the tables were fastened down to the floors, he had lockers instead of sideboards and bunks instead of beds.



Tom and I were friends of old standing, and many a cruise have we made round the beautiful Devon and Cornwall coasts in the little yawl which he kept, as he said, to keep his hand in.

How Tom and I first became acquainted I may relate at some future time, suffice it now to say that I had spent three or four of the summer months for many years under his hospitable roof.

I had been over to Exeter on business one morning and had just returned, tired, dusty and hungry. As I drew near the cottage, I saw Tom in his favourite nook in the front garden with his spy-glass to his eye, pointed seaward. "Hello, Tom," I shouted. "Aye, aye," replied Tom, "glad to see you back, and I hope you've brought a good appetite with you, for I've got about the finest bass for supper you ever saw. I caught him off the jetty with a lobworm as big as an eel, and didn't he give me some play—he turned the scale at four and a half pounds—I wished you had been there to see him."

"I wish I had, Tom," I replied; "we will have a try for another to-morrow; anyhow, I shall be glad to see him on the table, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

"Come on in, then," said Tom, "for the old lady said supper would be ready in ten minutes."

The "old lady," as Tom called her, was our next-door neighbour (next door being some fifty yards away). Mrs. Boynton was a pleasant-faced, happy-looking soul of between fifty and sixty years of age, who had taken compassion on us two lonely bachelors and, in the common parlance of the times, "did for us."

A few minutes sufficed to refresh myself with a cold douche, and then I felt still more inclined to do justice to the bass, so that when Tom roared up the little staircase that supper was served, it was not long before I joined him.

The fish was indeed excellent. In shape and external appearance it was much like a salmon, but its flesh was white, somewhat like cod, but sweeter.

During supper, conversation turned mostly on fishing in general and bass in particular, and it was not till we went outside to sit in the cool of the evening, with our pipes in full blast, that Tom told me the following page of his life, which he had never referred to before.

"Did you notice that schooner running down Channel, Guy, as you came in?" remarked Tom.

"Yes; I saw you taking stock of her through your glass," I replied.

"Well, when I was a youngster I sailed



WITH HIS SPY-GLASS TO HIS EYE.

in a craft as like that schooner as one pea is like another. I have never told you about my voyage down the African coast and the cargo of black ivory we shipped, have I?" said Tom.

"No, Tom; I don't ever remember your telling me you had been in the slave trade, for that's what you mean by your cargo of black ivory, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Tom, "that's it, I am sorry to say; but I didn't know what we were after until it was too late, and I left the ship at the first port we touched after I knew. I have had the thing on my conscience ever since. It was an awful voyage, and even now I can picture the

poor, helpless devils as last they disappeared from my view.

"Well, Mr. Clifford, you are a pretty strong-nerved man, I know, but I think before I have finished you will find your blood run cold. Let me start at the beginning. The schooner, that this one here is so like, was called the *Gipsy Queen*. She was loading a general cargo at Liverpool for the West Coast of Africa when I joined her. I signed the ship's articles as an able seaman, and was told to get on board at once as she was nearly loaded up.

"She was three hundred and five tons register, and as pretty as a picture to look at, with her two slender masts tapering away into the air, her cutwater as sharp as a razor, and her stern lines running away aft to nothing. She was built for speed, every line of her showed it, and she was a clipper, too.

"In three days we left the Mersey, with a strong, fair wind; in three more days we were off the French coast, bowling through the Bay of Biscay.

"The ship's crew had by now settled down to their several duties. We were twenty-five hands all told, consisting of Captain Webber, Mr. Jones, the mate, a steward and a cook, the bo'sun and twenty able and ordinary seamen, which was a large crew for so small a craft; but as we should have to do most of our own loading and discharging at the African ports, it was not considered too many. With myself there had shipped some seven or eight new hands—the rest of the crew had sailed in her before.

"It appeared to me that the old hands did not chum on particularly well with us fresh men. There was nothing said to lead me to this conclusion, but sometimes, if a knot of the old hands were together talking, and any one of us new hands came alongside,

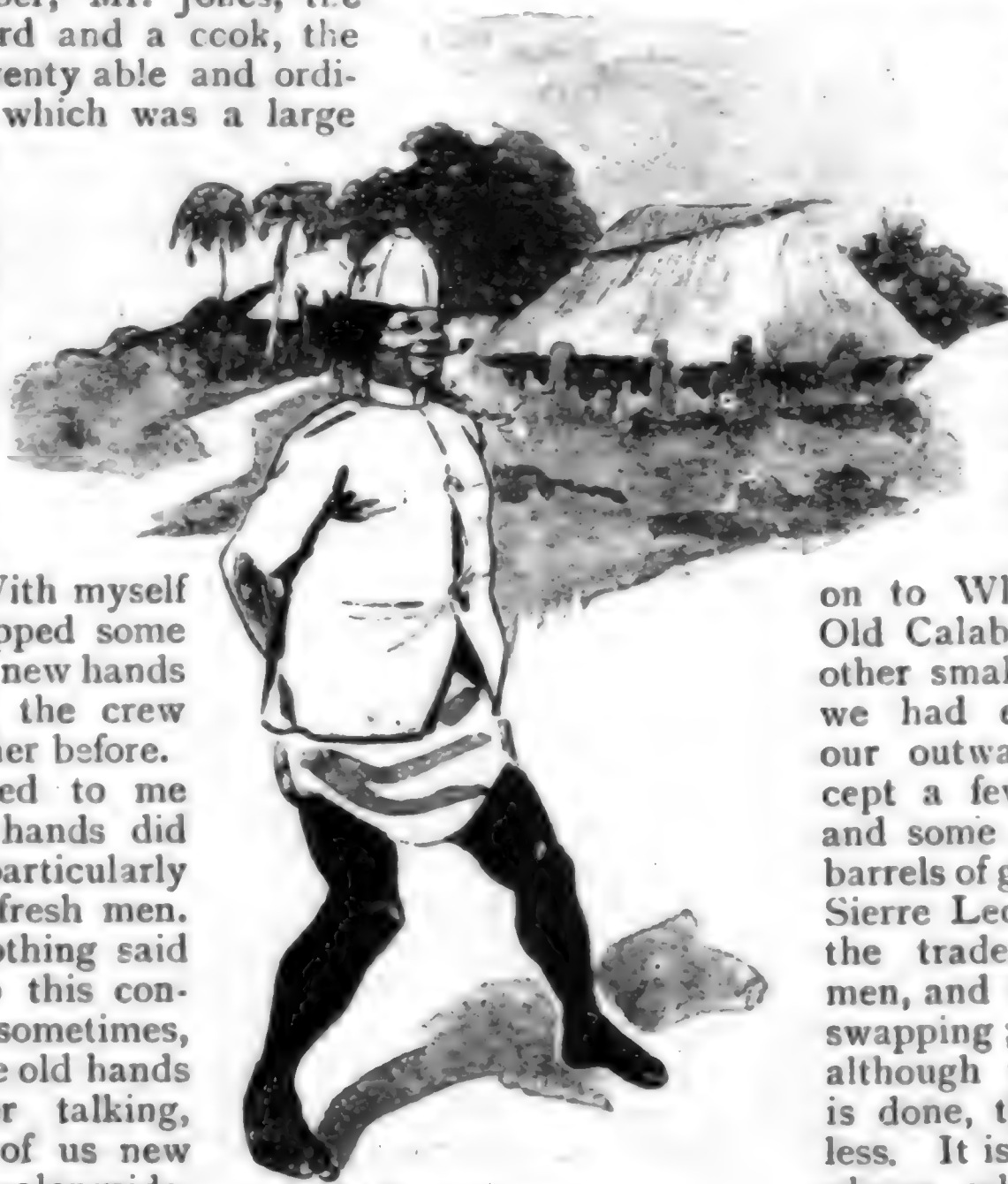
they seemed to dry up, and, after a few words, separated.

"Fair weather still followed us, and the *Gipsy* proved, as I opined, a perfect racer; within three weeks from leaving Liverpool we were off *Sierre Leone*, where we were to commence trading.

"In the days of which I speak, it was the custom in the African trade for a captain to do all the exchange and barter of the voyage, so that a vessel would take out an assorted cargo, and the captain would swap it at different ports for native produce, which he would then bring home and sell. Our outward cargo consisted largely of rum, in puncheons and big stone jars, called demijohns, gin, in cases of a dozen bottles apiece, cotton goods, cheap ironware, such as knives, axes, hatchets, nails and rubbishy guns, which more often than not killed the man that fired them by bursting, gunpowder, beads, bits of looking-glass, soldiers' old uniforms, black and white top hats, and a lot of similar gimcrack stuff. These goods were exchanged with white traders and native chiefs and princes for palm oil, ivory, gold dust, ebony, indiarubber,

monkey, leopard and other skins, and other native stuff. Our first port was *Sierre Leone*; here Captain Webber got rid of nearly half our cargo, replacing it with oil, ivory, etc.; then we went

on to Whydah, Lagos, Old Calabar and several other small places, until we had exchanged all our outward cargo except a few large cases and some dozen or more barrels of gunpowder. At *Sierre Leone* and Lagos the traders are white men, and they do all the swapping; consequently, although more business is done, the profits are less. It is at the smaller places, where the ships



IT WAS A LUDICROUS SIGHT.



trade directly with the natives, that the money is made. A few bales of choice showy stuff, say cast-off infantry soldiers' red jackets, old hats and caps of all sorts, brass bracelets, etc., would frequently fetch goods in exchange worth their weight in gold.

"It was a ludicrous sight, I can assure you, to see one of these chiefs strutting round in, say, a soldier's bright red tunic, buttoned tightly across his chest, and nearly choked by the stiff collar, with a white pot hat, with the brim cut off, jammed on his woolly head, and nothing else on but a small grass mat round his loins.

"The *Gipsy* had 'tween decks laid—that is, under the main deck there was another deck right through the ship, thus separating the lower hold from the upper. Our lower hold was now full of palm oil and other cargo, while we had got rid of all our outward cargo, and the upper hold, or 'tween decks, was clear except for the cases and powder just mentioned. We now set full sail, and stood out to sea in a westerly direction; close in to the coast as we now were there was scarcely a breath of wind to be felt: for days we hardly made any headway. The glare and heat of the sun, as we idly drifted over the equator, was hardly bearable; the pitch seethed and bubbled from the seams in the deck. Awnings had been rigged up over the cabin skylight aft and fore-castle, and gave us some little shade; we brought our mattresses on deck at night to sleep, as below was like a furnace.

"This went on for about twenty days, when a bit of a breeze sprang up and the *Gipsy's* head was put south-easterly. Keeping this course for a few days we commenced to draw near the African coast again, but of course a good bit further down.

"It was now that things took a strange turn. When we had run in close to the shore, say a mile or so off, we kept along parallel with the coast, with a large blue flag with white stripes flying at our fore top-mast; we seamen guessed we were now somewhere near the north of the Congo, but of course we didn't know exactly.

"Running slowly down the coast thus for three days, the order was given to 'bout ship and the schooner was then headed back, creeping just as slowly up

the coast again over the course she had just come.

"All this time we lay-to at night with one anchor down, and no lights were allowed to be shown.

"At dawn of the second day of our return course, the bo'sun piped all hands aft to where Captain Webber stood talking with Mr. Jones, the mate.

"When we had all assembled, the Captain turned and addressed us thus:

"'I dare say, my men, some of you wonder what the *Gipsy* is up to—most of you have sailed with me before and those I can rely on.' 'Aye aye, sir,' shouted some dozen or more voices. 'The coast you see there is Loando and the natives are cannibals. I will now tell you my plans and those who don't want to join me can go ashore if they like, I can't say fairer than that, can I?' this with a grim smile, which was hailed with a burst of hoarse laughter.

"'You see that bit of bunting flying from that tall palm tree off our starboard bow; well, that tells me my friends are there waiting for me to take the balance of the *Gipsy's* cargo on board. It's all live stock, and they will just walk on board here and when we've finished our run they will walk off—so there will be no hard work for you to do. Besides, it will be a mercy to take the blackamoors out of their present master's hands, who don't treat them too kindly, I can assure you. As soon as we get 'em aboard we will make a bee line for New Orleans, where they will be carefully looked after and made Christians of;' this with a grimmer smile still.

"'There's just one more observation I want to make, and that is that I will give you all double the wages you signed for if we make a successful passage. Now you can go forward, my lads, and reckon up how much there will be due to you when we get to America.'

"With this he turned on his heel and went below, while we went forward, discussing the pros and cons.

"Those who had made previous voyages were loud in their exclamations of glee at the prospect of another big haul, and mixing more freely with us newer hands soon argued away any scruples that were put forward.

"For myself, I felt more indignant at having been trapped into the trade than concern about the negroes. It was very likely true that the slaves would suffer less



THE CAPTAIN TURNED AND ADDRESSED US.

under their American masters than they had or would under their present captors. However, it was useless to make any complaint, and as to going ashore voluntarily amongst the savages, what good could that do? better stay and do what I could for the captives. But if I had only known what was going to happen, I can assure you, Guy, I would have gone ashore there and chanced whether I ever got away again.

"Presently we were called aft again, when Captain Webber said:

"'Hands up for those that want to go ashore.' Of course none of us raised our hands.

"'All right, my lads, I am glad to see you are all ready to follow your captain. Now, bo'sun, hand out the arms: each man will have a pistol and twenty rounds of ammunition and a cutlass. I don't fear any trouble from the niggers, but those Arab slave-dealers are tricky devils

and it's just as well to let 'em see we can take care of ourselves and the *Gipsy*. When you've served out the arms, bo'sun, get those cases and ten barrels of powder up from below and, meantime, let the boats be cleared for lowering and stow the cases and powder in them. Mr. Jones will stay by the schooner with half-a-dozen hands and the rest will go with me in the boats. Look lively, lads, and let us

get the business over sharp.'

"If any of us felt any fear as to the job on hand, that short but incisive speech of Captain Webber's settled the matter; he was a born leader of men for such expeditions as we were now on.

"There were three boats: the captain's gig, the long boat and the jolly boat; in a few minutes they were all cleared ready for lowering; then we stowed the cases and powder between them, with a keg of water, a bag of biscuits and some pork in each.

"Three muskets with ammunition were also placed in each boat; Mr. Jones then called out five men to stay with him, the boats were lowered and off we pulled. There were four men in the gig with the captain and seven each in the long and jolly boats, making nineteen all told. The *Gipsy* lay under a mile from the coast, so we were not long in reaching the shore. The coast rose gradually for some two or three hundred yards, when bush and small trees commenced growing, thickening inland to a dense and gloomy-looking forest.

"As we got closer to the shore, three dark-skinned men dressed in cotton blouses and trousers, with turbans round their heads, came down from the brushwood. The gig ran ashore first and Cap-



tain Webber sprang out and advanced to meet the strangers, who were the chiefs of the Arab slave-dealers.

"There was a great amount of salaming and bowing and scraping between them and the palaver appeared to be satisfactory on both sides. We had all landed and remained by our boats. Presently the captain and his friends came down to the boats and the cases of goods were taken out and, together with the powder, were carried by us about half-way up to the bush and put under a stunted tree. Then the cases were opened and the Arabs examined the contents, which consisted of about fifty or sixty really serviceable muskets, many dozens of excellent axe, hatchet and spear heads, cutlasses, knives and a variety of cotton goods of the usual description.

"The Arabs were evidently pleased. It was now Captain Webber's turn to examine his goods, so calling three of our men to follow him, he accompanied the slave-dealers back to their camp, leaving the rest of us under arms and ready for an emergency.

"In the course of half-an-hour or so we heard a big hullabaloo up in the woods, where our men had gone, and we were just on the point of dashing up to see what was the matter, when the brushwood parted and a crowd of niggers appeared, driven along by some dozen Arabs. They were soon hurried down to where we stood, followed by Captain Webber and our men.

"The captives were the most pitiful-looking group of human beings it has ever been my lot to see. There were some forty men, mostly between twenty and thirty years of age, and about ten women, averaging a few years younger, two or three of these latter had children of a few months old in their arms. The men were shackled by the wrists and ankles to each other in fives and sixes, the women, shackled by the ankle only, in twos. Not one of the whole lot had a shred of clothing on of any description whatever, and almost all bore signs of the brutal treatment they had received from the heavy hide whips wielded by their Arab captors.

"'Now then, bo'sun, let us get them aboard without delay,' said Captain Webber. 'Tie the long boat on to the jolly boat; you can stow about half the crowd between 'em, and with half-a-dozen seamen to man the jolly boat, you will get along first-rate. You'll have to make two trips, so look spry. I will stay here with the rest of the crew and take care of the other niggers.'

"It didn't take long to get the poor beggars on board, they didn't seem to care what became of them and offered no resistance. Well, we made both trips and got all aboard the schooner safely enough, and we made them pretty comfortable below; we took the chains off the women entirely, and eased the men of most of theirs, too; water and food were served out, and three sailors, fully armed, stood guard day and night.



THE MOST PITIFUL-LOOKING GROUP OF HUMAN BEINGS.

"Full sail was now set and the *Gipsy* headed towards the west; it was some days before we got out of the calm of the land, but directly we felt the trade winds, the *Gipsy* commenced to skim along in her old style and, with all top sails set, she seemed to fly over the crested waves, revelling, as it were, in the change of progression.

"We were fifteen days out and congratulating ourselves on the quick run we were making, when the weather changed suddenly—the wind, backing and shifting to all points of the compass, coming in fits and squalls. All unnecessary sail was taken in and the mainsail reefed well home.

"In a few hours the heavens were covered as with a velvet pall, from which the lightning darted in one continuous series of stabs, and one of the most terrific hurricanes I have ever experienced was howling round us. Our main-mast snapped off near the centre like a pipe-stem, carrying with it the fore-top-mast, but luckily the wreckage floated clear and was immediately cut away; this eased the *Gipsy* a great deal. For two days we could hardly tell night from day, and at times we feared the brave little schooner must be crushed to matchwood by the mountainous seas that were breaking over her. However, she pulled through, and on the third day the fury of the storm had exhausted itself, the heavens cleared as rapidly as they had become obscured, and in the afternoon all above was bright and fair; the sea was still running high, but soon began to moderate. We now set to, to repair our damages, the fore-sail was set and the voyage resumed. Men were sent aloft to rig a new fore-topmast. The first man up was the bo'sun, and, taking a look round, he reported a full-rigged ship astern heading for us. This was probably an East Indiaman, but still it was necessary to make sure, so Mr. Jones went aloft with his glasses to have a look at her; he didn't say anything, but came down and reported to Captain Webber, who then went aloft himself. When he came down the strange sail was visible to us on deck and appeared to be coming up with us hand over hand; she was some seven or eight miles astern, a point or so on our weather quarter.

"Captain Webber's face was set, stern and immovable; he called the bo'sun aft

and they held a consultation there with Mr. Jones. This was broken into by the sullen boom of a cannon from the stranger. This brought us all to a standstill, when Captain Webber called us all aft and addressed us thus:

"'That's a British man-o'-war, men, and she means business as you've just heard. Now you know what we've got on board, and you know it means galleys for life, or even hanging at the yard-arm, if we're caught; to my thinking, the first is worse than the last. Well, I can see no hope of escape, crippled as we are; and I am sorry for it, but it's our lives against the niggers' unless any of you can suggest anything.'

"We gazed at each other with awe-stricken faces; such wholesale slaughter unnerved the most hardened among us. But none made a counter proposition, as the captain said it was they or us.

"'Well, men, there's no time to lose. Quick! are we going to be taken like rats in a trap?' said the captain.

"'No, no,' hoarsely murmured some.

"'Very well, then. Bo'sun, take a dozen men, pick who you like, and go below, and look sharp.'

"'Come on Bill, Jack, Joe,' shouted the bo'sun, as he called out a dozen of the old hands, and they dashed down the hatchway.

"Presently two of them rushed up on deck shouting to several of the others to 'come on the fore-castle deck,' where in a trice they had cut the lashings of the large main anchor; then, dragging it to the starboard bow, they fastened heavy ropes round it and lowered it some feet over the side, where it hung suspended by the ropes, which were then made fast. The heavy chain cable which was attached to the anchor was then payed out over the starboard bow, and looking over the side we saw that the cable was being hauled in at the bow port.

"This was a large port some four feet square, cut in the 'tween decks, and used for taking in long barks of timber, and which, when not in use, was fastened up.

"The cable was long and heavy, and the men worked like demons to get it all in. For a while there was quiet, only broken by the harsh rattle of the cable as it was moved below now and then. Then the bo'sun rushed up on to the fore-castle deck with a cutlass in his hand and commenced hacking away at the ropes which



held the suspended anchor. We were all leaning over the side watching what was to come next when, with a hoarse shout, the bo'sun cut away the remaining rope, and the ponderous anchor, released from its lashings, leapt with a mighty splash into the sea, dragging the cable after it; and as the cable flashed through the port-hole we saw that it carried with it the

from the 'tween decks to repair the damages caused by the storm.

"'Why didn't you hove to at our first call?' asked the officer of Captain Webber when he had examined the schooner's papers and been below and found all right.

"Because we couldn't make out whether you were a Frenchman or no.



IT CARRIED WITH IT THE SLAVES.

slaves, who had been lashed, one after the other, along the cable, and in less time than it takes to tell, cable and slaves had disappeared in the depths of the ocean. Another boom from the cannon brought us back to our own risks again. The 'tween decks were cleared of all traces of the slaves, the bow port screwed up and the fore-sail lowered in answer to the man-o'-war's summons to lay to. When the cruiser's boat came alongside about a quarter of an hour later, her officer found us busy getting up new masts and rigging

till you got closer,' was the ready response of our captain.

"'It might have been awkward for you if we had hit you.'

"'Yes, so it might,' replied Captain Webber, with the grimmest smile of all.

"We had escaped, but by what a fearful crime; hardened as most of the men were, and callous to ordinary suffering, still there was something human left in most of them, and the sacrifice by which they had secured their own safety seemed,

I am glad to say for humanity's sake, to have left its impress on all of us. For days we went about our work as if the load on our souls were weighing us down past hope of redemption with the awful memory of our crime.

"The remainder of the voyage was one run of ill-luck and misadventure; gale after gale held us in relentless grasp, and the *Gipsy* in her damaged condition was more than once rendered unmanageable.

"Once, when the schooner had been struck by a mountain of water, she was tossed on to her beam ends and seven or eight of the men were washed overboard; no attempt could be made to save them; before we could gather ourselves together they were out of sight.

"Love of life, however, for which we had sacrificed so much, still made us strain every nerve and muscle to keep our craft afloat; but, as if God's hand was against us, our every day was one long struggle against our relentless foe, the

raging sea. The heavy labouring of the *Gipsy* in the heavy seas had caused her timbers to open, and night and day, day and night, we had to work our turns at the pumps like galley slaves, till it seemed that worn-out and exhausted nature could not longer sustain us.

"Still, when our turn at the pumps next came round, the effort had to be made; and, weary, bruised and almost dead from exposure and want of sleep, the work was done.

"I need not linger over the remainder of that terrible voyage. When we arrived at New Orleans, we were more dead than alive; several of the men were so near death's door that they had to go into the hospital, and of the rest, more than half refused to sail again in that unlucky craft.

"I left her with the others. For several months I worked at one of the wharves there, and it was long before I got nerve enough to go to sea again."

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

**W**E wished to see other sights of New York, but the guide inveigled us into a saloon to gain further experience of the life of the people. There, under the mellowing influence of his favourite beverage, he announced that he could give such a description of every place of note in the city that it would be the purest folly to fatigue ourselves in going to see them. We consulted each other by glances to see whether we ought to take the man's life or listen to what he had to tell; as humane people we did the latter. He gave us the entire history of New York, and this is what he said:

"America was discovered in the fifth century by a Dutchman named Columbus, Christopher Columbus. Likely you have heard of him, for he made a stir in his day, and was the forefather of the man Hudson, who managed to get the Hudson River named after himself; cute cusses some of them old Dutchmen were. Waal, this Columbus was a sour sort o' coon, always dissatisfied with the work Providence had given him to do, always a-grumblin', a-schemin' and a-layin' low; he was of a spekilatin' turn of mind, and one of the things he spekilated most

about was what could be on the other side of the Atlantic. He asked everybody he met, and as no one could tell him he made up his mind to go and see. So what does he do but get some of his pards together, a rum lot they was, I b'lieve, and he puts it into their heads to go on a viage of diskivery. Waal, they sneaks away at dead of night with some ships that lay handy, havin' heaved the captain overboard, I reckon, and bears westward; but next day, when the sailors found themselves in the middle of a big sea with no land anywhere to run aground on in case of a storm, they began to mutter ugly things about Columbus and finally threatened to mutiny. But Columbus wasn't to be took like that, so he swings six of 'em from his yard-arm to encourage the others, and sails on his way rejicin'. After a while he began to think himself that the Atlantic had no end and that he'd have to turn pirate or go back with his ships to them that owned them, when, one day as Columbus was readin' the news after dinner, the look-out sings all of a suddint, 'Blame me if I don't see land,' or words to that effect. So Columbus waltzes up into the riggin', followed by the hull crew, every man Jack of 'em,

with a spy-glass as big as himself under his arm, and they stidied themselves among the sails there and spied, and sure enough there was land. They clapped on more canvas and, after some beating about for a harbour, they landed in Noo York here, right where we're sittin'. The savages flocked down to see the strange arrivals and Columbus hanged a dozen of them by way of establishing friendly relations; the rest vowed eternal friendship and started for the plains, leavin' their goods and chattels to the new comers. These took what they could get and sailed away again to report. That showed Columbus wasn't as cute as he might be, not by a darn sight as cute as an American. If he had been an American he'd have knowed better than to have bounced back where he wasn't appreciated, he'd have stayed right here and frozen on to the possessions of them savages. But he must go back and shout about his discovery, and what was the consequence? why, that another fellow starts out and comes to the new land and christens it after himself, his name being America. He

stayed, you bet, and his descendants are with us to this day, and a fine successful race of boodlers they are. Waal, in the course of natir this America dies, no man can live for ever, not even a boodler, and the British comes, bringin' trouble with 'em; nothing would do them but boss the hull shanty, and one fine day there was a reckonin' up and a revolution and the British left suddint by the back door, leavin' their cookin' utensils behind; George Washington gave them the boot-toe. Know anything about G. W.?"

"Nothing," answered Brown gravely, "who was he?"

The guide struck an attitude.

"Not know George Washington? the saviour of his country, first in peace, last in war, and the cutest cuss in the country."

"Ah," said Brown, "a person of some interest and consequence I presume."

"I should jest snicker. G. W. was a man of consequence. You can bet your bottom dollar on that. Right smart

man. You should have seen him layin' about him with his tomahawk when the British were round. I tell you he was the bully to scalp. Yes sir."

"Great warrior chief, I suppose," said Brown. "It must have been a pretty sight to see his girdle after a day's good sport in the war paint. What did you say was his tribe?"

"Tribe," echoed the guide in disgust, "he had no tribe."

"You don't mean to say he was a common outcast savage," said Brown.

"Savage," repeated the guide with scorn, "he warn't no savage."

"Then why do you talk about his

grand style of scalping. Do you mean to say that respectable gentlemen go about in America here with tomahawks hidden under their coat tails? I call that atrocious."

The guide emptied his glass at a gulp to fortify himself.

"George Washington was a white man —"

"I don't care a button about his colour," interrupted Brown severely, "what I cannot get over is his conduct. You say he scalped the British."

"I was speaking figeratively of course,"



THE DUTCHMAN, COLUMBUS.



explained the guide; "he licked them, that's the plain English of it."

"Licked them! When did he lick them? Never heard of it."

"Licked them in the War of the Revolution."

"What Revolution?"

"Why, the American Revolution. The War of Independence."

"The War of Independence. What Independence?"

"Declaration of Independence," said the guide. "The war—the Declaration of Independence."

"The war—the Declaration of Independence?"

"Why, yes. When the British were turned out of America."

"When the British were turned out of America. Now look here, it is clear to me you are trying to impose on us. We have just come from England and we never heard the matter mentioned there. When did you say it occurred?"

"Oh, a long time ago. A hundred years ago."

"A hundred years ago. We know our history my man, you'd better pass on, that little tale won't do. Tell us something in which we can't find you out. Now, tell us in a few words what sort of person this Washington really was."

"Waal, for one thing, he wouldn't tell a lie."

"That's odd for an American. What objection had he to lying? I suppose he was too conceited to do as other people did."

"No, sir, objected to lying, on principle."

"What a Pharisee—well?"

"Yes, sir, wouldn't tell a lie nohow, even when he was a boy. He had a hatchet once and he went and smashed some furniture with it, and then came straight and confessed to the ole man. Ole man said: 'You smashed that furniture with that there hatchet.' 'I did,'

said G. W., holding down his head. 'You deserve scalpin',' said the ole man, 'but I'll forgive you as a reward of truthfulness.'"

"Do you really expect us to believe bunkum of that sort," demanded Brown. "We have been boys ourselves and are perfectly well aware that you are gagging us. Any boy of sense and spirit would have cleared away the debris and then denied all knowledge of it. We are innocent, but you cannot cram us in that fashion."

"'Pon my honour, gentlemen, I'm telling you the story true."

"I suppose you borrowed it from some Sunday School book," said Brown. "You should be on your guard about crediting stuff like that. You're too credulous. You mean well, but by this sort of thing you encourage imposture. We don't object to a good falsehood, but imitations are bad. As you value reputation, character, good name, all that is dear to an honest man in this world, never trot out that tale about the hatchet again. The man who invented it must have been a liar of the first water. We will pass on now. Have you anything else to tell us?"

He did his best to tell us many things; but with doubt, contradiction, and bad whisky he seemed to be getting more and more uncertain. He was genial

and entertaining, but unreliable. The difficulty was that you couldn't distinguish his fact from his fiction; he told a lie with as much gravity as he told the truth, a circumstance that rendered him unsatisfactory as a guide. So, with a gentle admonition to cherish a greater regard for the virtue of veracity, we dismissed him in a cab, and set out to explore the city on our own account.

On the very threshold of our daring enterprise we made a discovery, a discovery that filled us with joy and con-



THE GUIDE STRUCK AN ATTITUDE.

fidence, namely, that by devoting fifteen minutes to the study of a good map we could find our way anywhere without asking questions. English cities are ingeniously built to puzzle the hapless stranger. No man alive, not a native, could successfully make his way through the labyrinths of London; and even natives fail when they happen to get out of their reckoning. It is much easier to find the place you want in a Central African forest than among the bewildering avenues of London.

In our English capital, lanes and alleys and congested crossings are for ever cropping up to put the explorer off the scent, which would be a good thing if the explorer was an enemy, but is inconvenient when he is peaceful and bent on sight-seeing. In American cities topographical difficulties scarcely exist. I have read, perhaps five thousand times, that American cities are laid out with mathematical regularity. That is an observation which every traveller feels bound to make. And he does make it, and, what is more, he is nearer the truth than he imagines, for in such matters he goes largely by faith and the statements of predecessors. As a rule travellers are wrong, but about the mathematical regularity of American streets they are right, by accident.

By chance we found ourselves in Broadway, which is almost as busy as Fleet Street or the Strand, and makes hardly any pretence to pavement. It is, indeed, so full of ruts and boulders, of heights and hollows, that doctors send patients with liver complaints to drive in it. A ride along Broadway in a springless vehicle, or for that matter along almost

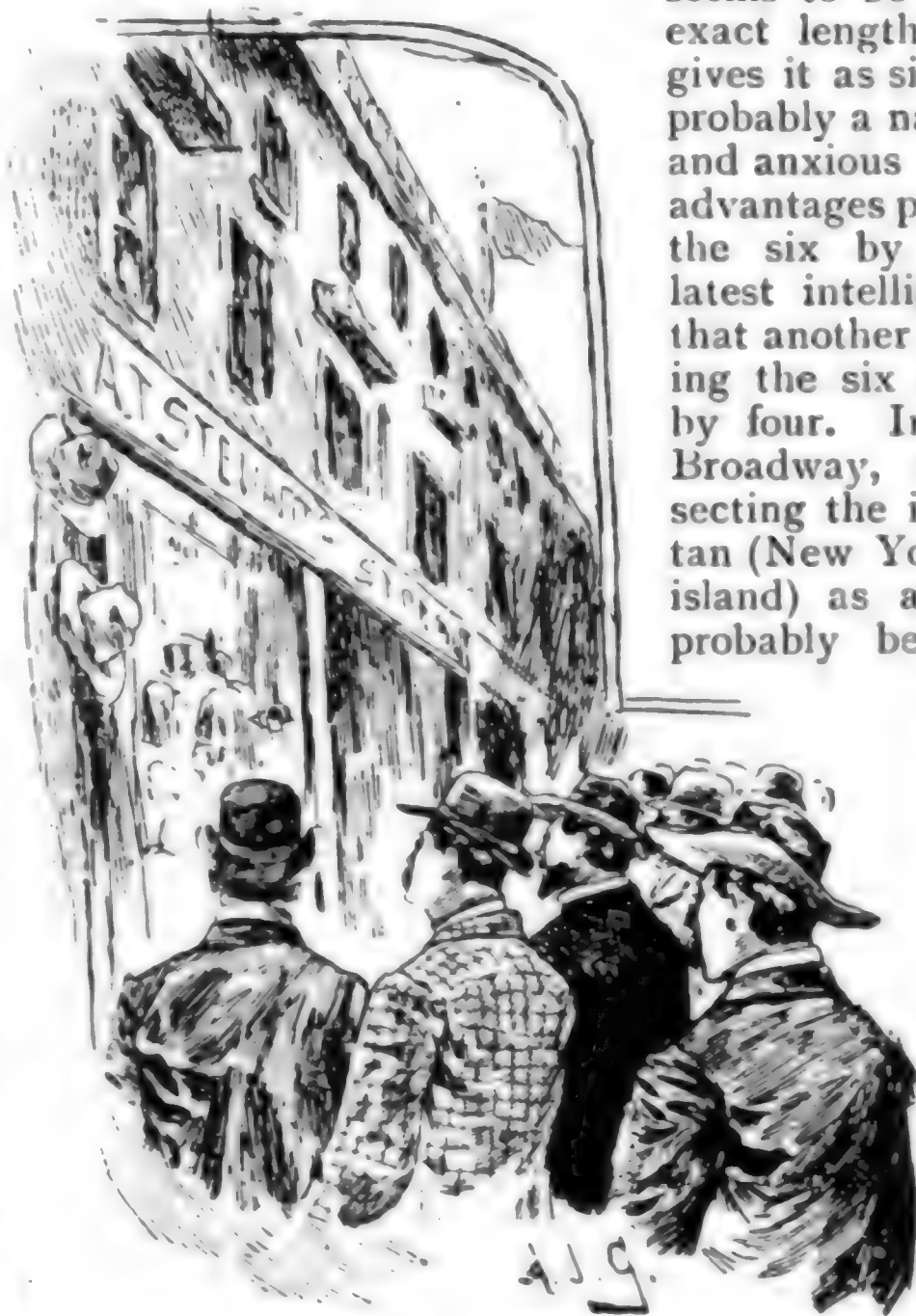
any street in New York, will effectually test every joint in the body and shake the liver almost to atoms. People suffering from rheumatism often yell out in pain in the street 'buses, but for hepatic diseases a 'bus ride in New York is an unfailing specific. London doctors might do worse than have one of our streets torn up after the American style, for the use of patients who require a shaking. But that is away from our subject.

Broadway is a long street, but no one seems to be quite sure of its exact length. One authority gives it as six miles; another, probably a native of the place, and anxious to give it all the advantages possible, multiplies the six by two. The very latest intelligence may show that another rival is multiplying the six by three or even by four. In the latter case Broadway, instead of intersecting the island of Manhattan (New York is built on an island) as at present, would probably be made to wind

round it. But the fact even now is that Broadway is a long, a dreadfully long street, very likely indeed the longest street in the world. In some parts of its monotonous length it is very handsome, in others its beauties are ingeniously veiled.

Some of the

buildings along its course are so lofty that their tops get the morning light several hours in advance of the cobble stones below; many of them have white marble façades, and there is not one that does not hold its nose in the air on the strength of some architectural oddity. A. T. Stewart's store is in Broadway, and pilgrims from all lands go and gaze on it, and come away remarking in disappointment that it is only a building after all. The Prince of Wales feasted his eyes on it during his visit to America, and spoke of buying it and bringing it



PILGRIMS GO AND GAZE ON IT.



to this country, but the difficulties of transportation prevented the deal from being carried out. A. T. Stewart doesn't live there now. He died and was buried and his body was stolen, and now no man knows where he is laid. If he hadn't had the misfortune to be a millionaire most probably he would have been allowed to rest in peace. There is a moral in this.

After endless toil along that city highway we got down to the Battery, so called because the Dutch humorists of New Amsterdam had some old guns there which they used to fire for the fun of frightening the Indians. They called it in their exaggerative fashion a fort, and historians to this day speak of the old Dutch fort. But as a matter of fact there is no fort, and there never was a fort in anything but a fanciful sense. In the beginning of the seventeenth century there were four houses about this imaginary fort, and they sheltered the entire population of New York. That was shortly after Harry Hudson arrived in the "Half Moon" and sailed up the Hudson River, saying Columbus had never been there and didn't know such a river existed. Forty years later the population was one thousand. In fifty years more (the British having taken the place in the meantime) it leaped to six thousand. A hundred years later there was a population of sixty thousand; now there are close upon two million people, so that things have changed considerably since the days of the fort and the four houses.

Close by the Battery is Castle Garden, where the European Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece get their first taste of the American Republic. As many as 9,000 immigrants have arrived here in one day, and for a whole year they poured in at the rate of 10,000 a-week. The capacity of the Republic for assimilating foreign elements is unparalleled; never has been paralleled, and unless some undreamed-of continent will yet be discovered, never will be paralleled. A never ceasing tide of aliens, of men and women and children, of divers tongues and complexions, sweeps in there, and in

a week they are all Americans. Englishman, Scotsman, Irishman, Frenchman, German, Swede, Italian, Icclander, Russian, Pole, the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and the Mahomedan, stream in, and are immediately absorbed into the body politic. And that without sign of indigestion. In a trifle more than twenty years 7,892,783 immigrants reached the shores of the United States, and of that host 5,169,765 landed at Castle Garden. In two decades and a half, the United States drew from the old world, people equal in number to the combined populations of Scotland and Ireland, and knew what to do with them. It is no small matter to arrange berths for ten thousand new comers every week, yet that is practically what the United States have been doing for years. They have taken in all languages and all nationalities and have successfully fitted them into the composite framework of the Republic. It is little wonder that America is lusty, seeing how she has been drawing blood from the veins of the old world. In consequence of the endless procession passing through its gates, Castle Garden is probably the most picturesque spot on earth. No other spot that I know of or have read of affords the student of humanity and character such rich materials. The whole complex drama of life is played upon this little stage by a constant succession of actors, who play to perfection because they do not play at all. Fate is the stage manager and permits no sham. The acting is in grim earnest and the tears and the smiles come straight from the heart. There is plenty of both, for human nature asserts itself in such places; and in Castle Garden, though it is the door of hope to poverty and wretchedness, the downcast face is as frequent as the beaming one. The future is uncertain, at best it is strange, and there are things behind to which memory and affection cling. The huddled groups at Castle Garden have seldom the appearance of happiness, often, indeed, they are the very pictures of misery, for the first experiences of the immigrant are seldom conducive to hilarity.

*(To be concluded.)*

# A LOVER'S LAMENT

OFTEN we met when the  
twilight fell,  
Down by the murmuring  
stream.  
Each with our tale of love to  
tell;  
On the grassy banks we loved  
to dwell,  
She called me Fred and I called her  
Nell,  
Down by the murmuring stream—  
The stream where the rushes are  
green.



One evening I waited,  
but waited in  
vain.

Was it a vanishing  
dream?

I heard a footstep that  
quickly came,  
Heard something  
about a prior  
claim,

Saw a muscular man  
who was waving  
a cane,

And found myself  
in the stream—

The stream where  
the rushes are  
green!



# Editor's Gossip.

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With the commencement of Volume IV. in November, **THE LUDGATE MONTHLY** will be permanently enlarged to 112 pages.

It will be as profusely illustrated, and the literary contents maintained at the same high point of excellence as heretofore; and the paper on which it is printed will be improved in quality.

The published price will be Sixpence.

\* \* \*

As, however, all Booksellers now-a-days sell Sixpenny Magazines at fourpence half-penny, this will be the price the public can actually obtain it at.

\* \* \*

The question of enlarging **THE LUDGATE MONTHLY** has been the subject of discussion for many months past by those responsible for its management.

As a Threepenny Magazine, **The LUDGATE** stood alone, and I do not think I can be accused of exaggeration or bombast if I add that, at that price, it was unapproached by any other publication in the world.

This being so, why make any change? some may say. I will tell you why—Trade competition practically demanded it, and such demands cannot be ignored for any length of time. The growing favour bestowed by the public on **THE LUDGATE** necessitates the utmost value being given in return by the publishers; in the go-ahead times of to-day, improvement is the order of things; to stand still is to go backwards.

\* \* \*

Now let us examine the reasons which have been held by us to be of such paramount importance as to not only justify, but actually demand, such a change being made.

First of all, let me premise that a sixpenny article should be twice as good, twice as large or, in short, double the

value of a threepenny article of the same class. Therefore, if **The LUDGATE** is doubled in the value of its contents, and at the same time is obtainable from your bookseller for fourpence halfpenny, the purchaser obviously receives a very decided and material gain for his outlay.

\* \* \*

From an Editorial point of view, the change is absolutely and unmistakably an invaluable boon. It allows of the regular publication of the various series of articles which have been arranged to follow in proper sequence, and the omission or holding over of which causes disappointment to many readers and much distress to me.

This has happened more often than I care to remember, and from time to time I have had to tender my regrets for faults which were but my misfortunes.

\* \* \*

I think I have lingered long enough on this matter, and, in now leaving it, I take this opportunity of tendering my best thanks to my readers who, by their support, have so materially helped to make **THE LUDGATE MONTHLY** the great success it has achieved in the past, and promising that in the future the efforts of all on the management shall be to endeavour to retain and justify that support.

\* \* \*

Instead of issuing the index for the past six months separately, as hitherto, it has been included in the present number, so that, when you require to have the parts bound, your bookbinder has it ready to hand to stitch into its place at the commencement of the volume.

The publishers desire me to announce that covers for binding the six months, printed in black and red on pale lemon cloth, can be obtained through your bookseller, price one shilling, or from the publishers post free for one shilling and three pence.

\* \* \*

I am glad now to be able to announce that I have arranged for a series of articles on Football, to appear regularly

during the next few months. Each article will be illustrated with photographs of celebrated Football teams and well-known men in the Football world. The first of the series will be published in next number (November), and will contain photos. of Aston Villa, Preston North End, West Bromwich, and Notts Forest.

May I ask those of my readers who take an interest in Football, or have friends who do, to kindly make the above notification known? The series will be made most complete, and I am sure will afford the utmost interest to all lovers of the game. Articles and Photos of Sunderland, Sheffield United, Notts County, Sheffield Wednesday, Corinthians, London Scottish, Richmond, Blackheath, and the prominent Clubs in London and elsewhere will follow.

\* \* \*

The "Young England at School" series, which commenced in the September number with "Harrow," has brought me quite a shoal of correspondence, mostly from *boys* past and present. Some of these are most interesting, containing as they do reminiscences and customs of the School, and which, if I had received in time, would have materially added to the interest of the article.

Rugby appears in this number, and will be followed by Marlborough, Eton, Old Westminster, and others, and I shall be very pleased to receive notes of interesting episodes in the history of these schools. Correspondents' names will not be inserted, but must be given as a proof of authenticity.

\* \* \*

When these notes were started, it was with the express intention of giving my

readers a medium of ventilating their views and opinions on matters connected with this Magazine, and of allowing me a few lines wherein I could advise them of new features that might be in contemplation from time to time, and thus eliciting expressions of approval or otherwise from those most interested.

In order to get the necessary space, some part of the ordinary contents had to be sacrificed, and, as the summer was drawing on, it was determined to hold over the pages heretofore devoted to the music and songs. In the notes in my first month's gossip I intimated that I thought the music would be more appreciated during the autumn and winter months, and the departure was evidently considered a move in the right direction, as evidenced by the very large number of letters of approval received from all over the country in response to my invitation on the subject.

\* \* \*

As the winter months are now upon us, I wish to ascertain whether the old order shall be reverted to; and to this end I shall take it as a great kindness if those of my readers who can spare the time and are interested in the matter will send me a post card with their views.

\* \* \*

I much regret having to hold over this month's series of "Whispers from the Woman's World," especially so as, from the many notes of appreciation I receive from my fair readers, I much feel the disappointment they will have when they turn to where it should be, but is not; however, I think it will not so happen again.

